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The Week

THE report of the Giant Power Board of the State of Pennsylvania which Governor Pinchot has recently transmitted to the legislature of that state is a document which ought to be printed for general circulation. It contains the first important official discussion of the way in which the consolidated electric power transmission systems which are now being built up all over the country can best be controlled and employed for the public benefit. In the message which accompanies the report the Governor describes Giant Power as a plan to bring cheaper and better electric service to all those who have it now and to bring good and cheap service to those who are still without it. It is a plan which will enable electric power furnished at low prices to perform much of the drudgery which is now carried on human shoulders. Giant Power will mean a higher standard of living, more leisure and better pay to every worker and farmer in the community, but only upon one condition which is not yet secured. This condition is the effective public regulation of the electric power industry. In this respect Governor Pinchot sharply contrasts Giant with superpower, comparing the former to a tame and the latter to a wild elephant. Giant power proposes to create a great common pool into which power from all sources will be poured and out of which power for all uses will be derived. It is the conversion of the whole power supply into a flexible fund to be dispensed under public regulation. Super-power, on the other hand, means merely the interchange of small quantities of surplus power at the ends of the distribution works of each system. Its object is the profitable disposal of this surplus. This object is now being realized with a rapidity which no one but an expert can fully understand.

WE have not the space here even to summarize the report or to do more than merely call attention to the most conspicuous points in the Governor's message. He enumerates as the six essentials of the proper public organization of Giant Power (1) mass production with sufficient opportunity for by-product recovery; (2) the creation of a common pool of the power produced; (3) free access by every water power and steam generating station to every potential purchaser, which implies every distributing system in the state supplying the consumer; (4) complete, prompt and effective regulation of rates, services and security issues; (5) the rescue of the regulation of electric service from the disaster which is now threatened by its conversion into interstate commerce whereby it will escape control of the states without having been submitted to federal control, and finally, (6) systematic extension of the service lines throughout the rural districts. The plan which Governor Pinchot is submitting to the legislature is based on the theory of state control, but he considers state regulation as wholly inadequate. In the end it will have to be supplemented both by compacts among adjacent states and by the establishment of a federal power commission. He believes that "a unified electric monopoly extending into every part of the nation is inevitable in the near future." Nothing, in his opinion, can prevent it. He also considers it impossible to exaggerate the force and intimacy with which such a monopoly will for good or evil affect the life of every citizen. Its existence he calls immeasurably the greatest economic fact of our time. "The question is whether we shall regulate it or whether it shall regulate us."

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A SHORT time ago the Smithsonian Institute, of Washington, published a document which can only be characterized as extraordinary coming from such a source. It was a "report" on the publicly owned hydro-electric power system of Ontario, Canada. The author is Mr. Samuel S. Wyer, who is "associate in mineral technology of the U. S. National Museum," and his conclusion is that the Ontario experiment is far from being the bright success it is sometimes painted. He alleges that only because it is exempt from taxation is the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario able to sell electricity as cheaply as it does; that, while for political reasons the price to household users is kept below the cost of production, the cost to industrial users is high, and is hindering the development of industry. He says part of the cost of production is met by direct subsidization from the provincial treasury; but that even so, the promise to make operating revenue meet all expenses has not been kept, by the sum of about $19,000,000. There is, he maintains, no adequate sinking fund for the retirement of outstanding bonds. These are, of course, very serious charges. They have double weight when brought forward with the stamp of approval by the Smithsonian Institute, a famous scientific organization with quasi-official governmental status—the Vice-President of the United States, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, three senators and three representatives being by long custom members of the board which directs its affairs. The Wyer pamphlet therefore was received with great respect by the American press, and was widely quoted and discussed.

NOW comes Sir Adam Beck, Chairman of the Ontario Commission, with a pamphlet in reply, in which he states—and certainly seems to prove—that every important allegation made by Mr. Wyer is untrue. The Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario *does* pay taxes, says Sir Adam, to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars annually, both to municipalities and the province of Ontario. It has also paid the Dominion government millions of dollars in duties on equipment imported from the United States—a burden which no American power company has to face. He denies that the domestic rates are below cost, and that the industrial rates are excessive. Instead of having incurred a deficit of $19,000,000, he says the commission has collected a surplus of $7,000,000, and the municipalities which are its partners a further one of $15,500,000. Mr. Wyer's imaginary deficit of $19,000,000 is based in great part, says Sir Adam, on the fallacious theory that no refunding of bonds is possible, and also that a new project should begin payments for amortization of its cost from the moment the money is secured to build it, instead of from the time it begins to operate. Sir Adam states that the subsidies from the provincial treasury have nothing to do with the cost of operation of the power plant, but are for separate and distinct services, mostly of a scientific character, performed by the Commission for the government. As a matter of fact, Sir Adam says, the finances as they are now being conducted will pay off all indebtedness on this $250,000,000 project, which serves 380 municipalities, in from thirty to forty years. In the meantime, instead of the Ontario taxpayer's being heavily penalized to keep the hydro-electric enterprise going, he is actually saved about $1,000,000 a year because all electricity for municipal lighting, power, etc., is sold to the cities at cost.

ON the merits of the argument, of course, no layman can speak with authority. But the points raised by Sir Adam Beck at least justify the inquiry: How did the Smithsonian Institute happen to go out of its way to make its extraordinary assault upon a governmental enterprise in a neighboring, friendly nation (an assault, by the way, which its author repeats in an article in the current issue of the Nation's Business, published by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States)? Everyone knows that the private power interests of this country have for years been engaged in a desperate campaign of misrepresentation of the facts about government ownership; and that the highly successful experiment in Ontario has been the blackest of beasts to them. Congress is about to investigate, through the Norris resolution, the "power trust" and its ramifications. Under the circumstances it seems reasonable to suggest that the Smithsonian Institute's publication might be included in the scope of investigation, with a view to discovering what relation, if any, it bears to the propaganda of the power interests.

IN nominating William M. Jardine, President of the Kansas State Agricultural College, to be Secretary of Agriculture, President Coolidge has again shown the characteristic color of his own mind. Mr. Jardine is a conservative whose economic views are in general those of the President himself. He is a member of the Agricultural Commission which has just made a report recommending that American farmers withdraw from the world market and sell everything they produce here at home for high prices which are to be maintained by drastic tariffs. On his own account, Mr. Jardine is known as an opponent of price-fixing and of government interference in business generally—except through the aforementioned tariff. While Mr. Jardine holds some views with which the New Republic does not agree, we cheerfully concede President Coolidge's right to surround himself with men whom he likes, men whose mental processes are similar to his own. Since he must bear the responsibility, it is only fair that he should be aided by lieutenants like himself.

THOSE who have counted on continued high prices of wheat as an anodyne for agricultural unrest are apparently, as we pointed out months ago when the

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rise began, due for a disappointment. Wheat has recently fallen far below the peak of the late autumn. The original rise was made possible because of a world shortage coupled with good crops in this country, but it is not likely that crop failures abroad will occur for several years in succession. With the approach of the new crop year this prospect is having its effect on the market state of mind. The drop in prices which has just occurred is not due, of course, to enlargement of current supplies or restriction of current demand. The fact is that the initial impetus to the upward movement furnished by the shortage was magnified many times by speculation, which was facilitated by abnormally easy bank credit. This carried prices far above the level justified by the market situation, and a reaction was to be expected. Prices may rise again before the new crops mature, but they probably will not remain anywhere near the present level for many months. Meanwhile, be it noted, the peak The as usual after the bulk of the crop had passed pain the hands of the growers; the traders, not the Briters, have been the chief beneficiaries.

rise AIN France shows acute symptoms of her icial disease, as registered in the fall of the . French capital is fleeing abroad, and this ment naturally depresses the exchange market. u oing gives testimony to an increased lack of -ue idence in the fundamental situation. The note pa..ulation of the Bank of France is approaching ·ral legal limit, which may have to be raised once -a.re. This looks like further inflation. The cause a..the rise in circulation is chiefly the difficulty of ..apunding government loans; many Frenchmen so ase.a rust the future of government credit that they poo& currency when their bonds mature rather than a.. :pt new bonds. The budget still does not quite ..nq-ance, and the effort to make it balance involves vy taxation on business which capital tries to id by foreign investment. The cost of living is ig, but pensions and salaries cannot be raised portionately. By this time scepticism as to the of possible reparation receipts from Germany become more general, while the shadow of the eign debt is increasing.

)W soon the gold standard will return in Great ain nobody knows except the banking and treasinsiders, but that it would return before long certain even before Winston Churchill's recent rance in the House of Commons. With the ed States on a gold basis, with gold specie payts resumed in Germany under the Dawes plan, Sweden, Holland, Switzerland, Czecho-Slo-a, Austria and other European nations prac-g the gold standard, Great Britain could not retain her world position in finance without it. necessary deflation of the pound has been a ful process, even though the extent to which ish prices had to fall has been moderated by a of the price level in the United States. Many British interests, caught in the squeeze, have been protesting vehemently and asking why the gold standard was necessary, when prices might be stabilized merely by avoidance of further inflation, without the resumption of specie payments. Theoretically they were unanswerable, provided all important nations should adopt the same policy. Any comparatively stable basis of currency, or even a properly regulated currency without a basis, might work if all would agree to it. But when the United States refused to depart from gold and when Germany returned to it, the die was cast. And having come so near to the pre-war parity of exchange with us, Great Britain is not likely to postpone the final step very long.

BRIGADIER-GENERAL WILLIAM P. MITCHELL might be entirely wrong in his opinion of the relative importance of battleship and airplane, and could still, by making the sort of fight he has, produce extremely valuable results. Not in a generation have military and naval circles been so profoundly disturbed. We venture to say that more real thinking about national defense has been done in Washington in the last few weeks than in any average decade. While no layman is competent to judge the merits of the controversy, we feel bound to add that General Mitchell seems to make an excellent case for the airplane, which his opponents have not been able to shake at any essential point. Conservatism is the curse of all military establishments, and particularly so in the United States which is so distant from every important potential enemy that all our efforts have an air of unreality about them. The European nations, which are forced to think of war not in terms of a remote possibility, but a pressing likelihood, follow policies which on the whole sustain the position of General Michell. Discovering that we are behind the times is a painful process; but it is invariably a salutary one.

CONGRESS has just enacted, at the suggestion of the Justices, an important measure cutting down considerably the class of cases which may be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States. This is done in order to relieve the court of undue pressure of litigation. The new law is extremely important for its own sake, in view of the drastic changes made in the distribution of the judicial power as between the Supreme Court and the nine Circuit Courts of Appeal. But the implications of this step have even wider significance. Without doubt, the Supreme Court enjoys extraordinary esteem throughout the land. Not least of the causes for the confidence in which it is held is the capacity of the court to dispose adequately of the tasks committed to it. This capacity has not been due to the inherent qualities of the Court. While there have always been one or two members of very unusual gifts, the Court itself has not been a body of supermen. The explanation for its com-

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petence lies elsewhere. Despite the growth of population, wealth and governmental functions, and the development particularly of federal activities, the duties of the court have, by successive acts passed from time to time throughout a generation, been kept within such narrow limits that the nine men, each with one helper, can do the work as well as it can be done by men of their calibre. In other words, the official coat has been cut according to the human cloth.

CONGRESS, the Executive Departments, Commissions and the lower federal Courts have all been subject to criticism and even execration. Here, too, doubtless, there have been a number of contributing factors. But the most potent, probably, has been the incapacity of Congress, the Executive Departments, Commissions and lower federal Courts adequately to discharge the tasks entrusted to them. Regardless of human limitations, increasing work has been piled upon them at nearly every session of Congress. The high incumbents—in many cases—perform in name only. They are administrators without time to know what they are doing or to think how to do it. They run human machines. Long ago, Mr. Gladstone pointed the moral: "All my life long I have seen this excess of work as compared with the power to do it; but the evil has increased with the surfeit of wealth and there is no sign that the increase is near its end. The people of this country [Great Britain] are a very strong people; but there is no strength that can permanently endure, without provoking inconvenient consequence, this kind of political debauch."

The Religious Bandwagon

FOR several weeks past the story of the steady growth of the fund which is being raised to complete the Cathedral of St. John the Divine on Morningside Heights has occupied a conspicuous place in the columns of the New York daily journals. The trustees of the Cathedral, headed by Bishop Manning of the New York diocese, have invoked all the arts of the expert publicity agent and an immense fund of social and business pressure in order to swell the tide of gifts; and they have been highly successful. Practically everybody who amounts to anything in the social and business life of New York has climbed upon the bandwagon. The contributions have come from conspicuous members of most of the churches, from conspicuous representatives of all races and from conspicuous practitioners of all occupations. Its friends have advertised it as a unique social and religious enterprise. They have compared the communal and religious spirit which they were creating by the "drive" to the communal and religious spirit which the cities of the Middle Ages devoted to the rearing of their people's churches. The triumphal social and religious enthusiasm which the raising of the funds has precipitated will, so it is said, help to transform the people of New York into a more complete secular and religious community.

This is an extremely pretentious claim, some aspects of which may well arouse serious misgivings. The Episcopalians of New York started many years ago to build the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, but after the choir was completed, they were obliged to discontinue the work. Episcopalians were not either rich enough or numerous enough or Episcopalian enough to supply the money. The project languished for many years until Bishop Manning revived it in a totally different form. He proposed to solicit support for it not as a demure, discreet and pious undertaking of denominational Anglicanism but as the biggest, most hospitable and most democratic church in the biggest city in the United States. He invited all good citizens and all good Protestants to share with the Episcopalians in erecting a monumental expression of twentieth century, metropolitan, truly American religious feeling. He did not plead for philanthropy. He did not say: "We Episcopalians have tried to build a Cathedral of our own, but we have not enough money, so we are asking you to help our worthy project." He said: "This is not our Cathedral. It belongs to you and to the whole community of the great city of New York. Come and give money for it no matter whether it hurts or not." He described it as "a great democratic church giving to all people freely and without distinction the best and noblest that religion and art can give." Has he any right to claim support from all the non-Catholic part of the community on this ground?

His correspondence with Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., and with the Rev. Mr. Guthrie exposes the hypocrisy of this pretense. The great democratic church will give the best and the noblest which religion and art can supply freely—only in case non-Episcopalians freely supply money. It will shower its spiritual blessings on New Yorkers without distinction—but only in non-Episcopalians are willing to worship u Episcopalian forms. It is inexpedient and prema to allow other denominations even a minor re sentation on the governing board of the Cathe It is impious for an Episcopalian who has incu the Bishop's censure to participate in the grea terprise. It is not a Catholic, or a Baptist or a Jewish cathedral which Bishop Manning is b ing. It is an undefiled strictly canonical E palian cathedral. All that non-Episcopalians get out of it will be the opportunity of going and watching Episcopalians worship. Pe other denominations might conceivably conduct ices in this great democratic church when E palians did not happen to be using it, but their isters would first have to be prepared for prea in the Church Universal by being re-ordaine cording to the Episcopalian rite.

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Given this perfectly obvious discrepancy between the grandiose propagandist pretention which is supplying the wind for the "drive" and the strict denominationalism to which the resulting religious edifice will be dedicated, why have responsible people who were not Episcopalians yielded so meekly and unprotestingly to the coercion of the propaganda? One would have thought that Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., after having exposed the hypocrisy of the public appeal for funds, would have reserved his contribution until something was done to remove it. One might have supposed that the leading newspapers of the city, before agreeing to become the accomplices of the drive, would have inquired whether the management of the Cathedral was able and willing to sublimate it into the magnificent social and religious enterprise which was called for by the advertising. Why have so many Protestant pastors who will not, by the statutes of the Cathedral, be allowed to preach their view of Christianity from the pulpits, subscribed to Bishop Manning's claim on behalf of this great spiritual temple for all Christians and all good citizens?

We shall leave the conspicuous New Yorkers of all creeds, all races and all occupations who have joined the drive to answer these questions, but, no matter what answer they may return, the essential impiety of Bishop Manning's enterprise is now clearly revealed. A cathedral whose construction is financed by such obviously false propaganda is not the expression and will not serve as the vehicle either of positive religious conviction or effective community life. No doubt many simple people have contributed their time and money to the cause willingly and sincerely. They have believed that their sacrifices were helping to build a superlative religious and civic monument. But they were deceived. Bishop Manning himself is a narrow sectarian ecclesiastic, and a cathedral which reflects his spirit in its government will necessarily remain the organ of a jealous and bigoted Anglicanism. But even though the other Protestant denominations were granted representation on the governing board of this proposed people's church, the propriety of propagandizing and partly coercing indifferent people into supporting the Cathedral as a kind of visible sanctuary of the spiritual grace of New York City is profoundly doubtful. It is notorious that many of the people who have been bombarded or hypnotized into subscribing have dutifully sent in a check without sweetening it with the slightest real interest or belief in the project. In view of the methods of promotion which have been used, the success of the drive is not a demonstration of the civic and the religious spirit of the well-to-do people of New York. It is rather a demonstration of the increasing authority which American society can employ in order to ensure popular conformity to its dictates. The promoters of the project deliberately exercised social and business pressure on prospective subscribers, the majority of whom grumbled and protested but yielded. They subscribed not as sincere Christians or even as good citizens but as regular fellows.

If the Cathedral cannot be built as a voluntary gift from its subscribers, it should not be built at all. On no other terms can it mean what it pretends to mean. The people of New York are not a sufficiently evangelized religious community to contribute spontaneously and generously to the creation of a great symbolic Christian edifice. Considering the flagrant infirmities of contemporary Christianity, it is vain to impute to any cathedral, no matter how costly, how conspicuous, how enormous or how Gothic it may be, the power to increase the reality of religious faith in the life of the city. The increment which Christianity needs in order to accomplish what it formerly accomplished for the inhabitants of a mediæval commune is not a huge sham Gothic cathedral but some effective agreement among professing Christians as to what Christianity means and how amidst the clamor of modern machinery they can listen to and act upon the counsel of the Master. Never before in the history of the church, except perhaps during the Arian controversy, have Christians been so deeply divided in the interpretation which they attach to the fundamental truths of Christianity. So long as this dissension lasts, it is mere worldly vanity and arrogance to try to symbolize in stone a triumphant Kingdom of Heaven which does not exist in the Christian conscience. The propagandist "drive" which Bishop Manning has initiated and engineered to finance the construction of his Cathedral is less an expression of religious enthusiasm or conviction than a violent and self-deceptive compensation for their absence. His success is a tribute to the large surplus wealth of New Yorkers, to their amiability, to their credulity, to their regularity, to their power of organization and to their fear of opposing any cause which obtains official endorsement in pretending to be patriotic, civic and religious, but it has nothing to do with religion, with democracy or with the making of a community out of the unruly and dishevelled fragments of the vast, sprawling, heaving mass of economic tissue which is called New York City.

Must We Fight Japan for Trade?

REAR ADMIRAL FISKE is in strange company when he insists that our commercial rivalry with Japan for the trade of China threatens to embroil us in war. Socialists throughout the world hold the same view. They trace the late World War directly to commercial rivalries, and they are convinced that under capitalism a period of peace can never be anything but a germinating stage for war. In the present peace—if it be peace—conflicting economic interests are emerging everywhere.

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They will increase, the Socialists argue, until they drag the world into another war, and another, until finally the capitalistic system goes under in a world-wide revolution.

No one would deny that trade rivalry has been a potent cause of war during the last three centuries. The English fought the Dutch in Cromwell's day partly for the sake of trade, and commercial rivalry helps to account for most of the eighteenth-century wars with France and Spain in which England engaged. The late War was in some sense the ripe fruit of the scramble for colonies which followed the Franco-Prussian war, and "colonies" meant domains in which trade might be monopolized. But it does not follow that wherever conflicting commercial interests emerge there is danger of war. America's most formidable commercial competitor today, as throughout the last half century, is not Japan but England. Even in the Far East England is more likely than Japan to engross the kind of trade we want and can handle. A developing China would afford a rich market for steel rails, machinery and other industrial equipment. Japan would be far less able than England to bid against us for this trade. China will need large loans of capital. England can supply this need, in competition with the United States; Japan cannot. In the rivalry for the Chinese carrying trade that may spring up, England with her ancient expertness in navigation is much more to be feared than Japan. Add to this the fact that English trade competition confronts us everywhere in Latin America, in Africa, southern Asia, Europe, nearly always with the advantage of an established position in its favor, and the conclusion appears inevitable—if we accept the socialistic-militaristic argument—that America will be compelled to fight England. Yet every intelligent American knows that we are not going to fight England.

The case, then, is not so simple as it appears. Two nations may conduct through generations an active trade rivalry and yet remain on the friendliest terms, politically. Two nations may differ widely in economic structure and be virtually non-competing —as pre-war Germany and France—and yet be watching for an opportunity to seize each other by the throat. Such considerations suggest that what makes for war is not trade competition pure and simple, but trade competition between nations that antecedently stand in the position of potential enemies.

This suggestion is worth putting to the test of facts. We may recall the state of the British mind some twenty years ago when the label "Made in Germany" began to appear on all sorts of articles of trade. There can be no doubt that the hostility engendered by this label paved the way for the Entente Cordiale, with its consequence, British participation in the continental war. Today one may go into any up to date London office and discover on every hand articles of equipment made in America: office tables and chairs, filing cases, typewriters, even blotters and paper clips. They are not labelled "Made in America," for this would be superfluous. The English office workers keep perfectly cool about it; if they have any complaint to make it is that the imported American equipment sometimes develops defects they had not anticipated. There is no talk whatever of an "invasion" of American goods. We will not say that there may not be lunatics in England who think they will have to fight us because we make good typewriters, or lunatics in America who think we ought to fight England because she doesn't put shoddy in her woolens. But in neither country is the lunatic vote likely to determine policy.

German trade was regarded by the British as a menace primarily because Germany was feared. It is an old tradition that England cannot be safe if any single power is overwhelmingly preponderant on the continent, and an even older tradition that no country may expect to trade on fair terms if any one power is overwhelmingly preponderant at sea. England and Germany were potential enemies, according to these traditions. We need not inquire whether these traditional conceptions are valid for the present day. Foreign policy is naturally conservative and clings to traditional values: witness our own feeling for the Monroe Doctrine. The essential point is that trade rivalry merely gave an edge to hostilities that were latent in the traditional policies of England and Germany. And even so, it is doubtful that England could have been drawn into war without the Balkan conflict and the danger that German power would be extended to the Ægean and dominate the routes to the Orient.

According to relevant modern experience, the United States cannot fight Japan on a mere issue of trade. Before any such issue can drive the two nations to the ruinous expedient of war other issues of a more profoundly national character must establish the relation of potential enemies, so that the prosperity of the one is regarded as dangerous to the safety of the other.

Are there such issues? The race question immediately presents itself for consideration. It is not lightly to be dismissed. No great nation of the Occident has ever seen its nationals subjected to such discriminatory treatment as we apply against the Japanese, and for this reason we cannot be entirely certain what effect the popular feelings engendered by it will have upon policy. But in the Western world the considerations which count most heavily in establishing the relation of potential enemies are those of national safety, extended at times to that of the right of "legitimate" expansion. The French and English do not understand each other, or like each other very well, but they remained international friends for all that. The English and Germans understand each other better and work more easily together, but for all that fought each other with extreme bitterness. Racial feeling, apparently, is a less potent factor in international relations than is popularly supposed.

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The exclusion of Japanese immigrants does not constitute a menace to the safety of Japan nor an impediment to her legitimate expansion. The indiscriminate admission of Japanese immigrants, with the possibility—perhaps a fantastic one—of a Japan Irredenta on our Pacific Coast, would have been regarded as a menace to the safety of the United States. American retention of the Philippines is not regarded by Japan as a menace, and every geographer knows it is not. The possibility that Japan might seize the Philippines is not regarded by many Americans as a menace, because our safety is not bound up with the Philippines. Japanese penetration into Mexico, or American penetration—of the colony-building type—into China, would no doubt give rise to the feeling of international menace. So also might a jingoistic policy of naval construction on either side of the Pacific.

There are no factors actually present that place America and Japan in the position of potential enemies. Americans do not like Japanese aggrandizement at the expense of China, but it is well known that America will never fight Japan for the sake of China. Japan is outraged by our immigration laws, but she will never attempt to plant colonies here by force. As China develops, America is likely to carry on a larger volume of trade with her, but it will consist chiefly in supplying products Japan would not supply and taking products Japan does not want. There is no reason why any delicate international question should arise over such trade.

The natural relation between Japan and the United States is that of friendly nations—that is, friendly in a diplomatic sense. If this relation is disturbed it will not be by the initiative of Japan. What Japan desires is to be let alone, to build up her industry and her trade and shipping, primarily in oriental waters. The Japanese are not a romantic people insanely yearning for military glory. They have never entered upon a war without shrewdly calculating the chances of victory. They leave to the younger nations wars that result in defeat or in disastrous deadlocks. America could make Japan fight by imperialistic aggression in China or by a naval policy directly aimed against Japanese security. Such an outrage could find no justification in the protection of any real American economic interest. It could be explained only on the ground that America had more power than she knew how to use wisely or well.

The Automobile Rocket

JUST a quarter century has passed since the United States Census began to record the production of automobiles. In 1899 about 3,700 were made. In 1923 the factories turned out over 4,000,000 and last year saw 3,500,000 more produced. The registration of cars jumped from 1,711,399 in 1914 to 17,740,000 in 1924. Surely this is one of the marvels of capitalism. But how long can it keep on at this rate? And what is going to happen when the curve flattens out?

Nobody can tell exactly how many automobiles the United States can absorb, but there are indications of the limit. If every native-born male white above the age of twenty had owned one in 1920, there would have been about 20,000,000. Of course, some women own cars, some foreign born, and some Negroes, Indians and Chinese. Boys under twenty own them, as our college deans know. But there are old men who don't own them, besides an occasional common laborer, a few inmates of poor houses, insane asylums and prisons, a stray fisherman or two; and several sailors and lighthouse keepers. When we consider that there are probably not more than 7,000,000 persons who receive an annual income of over $2,000, a possible maximum car ownership of three times that number does not look too modest. If there had been one car for every dwelling in 1920, there would have been 20,697,000. Of course there are people living in Fords, who have no other dwelling, but there are a few inhabitants of tenements who can't own Fords. Again, if every family had had a car in 1920, there would have been 24,352,000. There are families which have separate cars for father, mother, son and daughter besides a few for week-end guests, but there are many more families living in shacks near the Southern cotton fields, or going to work in overstuffed subways. Allow, if you like, an addition of 10 percent for normal growth of population. Deduct 10 percent from the supply for commercial vehicles. Still it is difficult to imagine that within the next few years many more than a total of 20,000,000 cars can be owned and operated in this country. As we approach that mark "sales resistance" grows.

Accounting in the registration figures for cars junked during the year, there are in the neighborhood of 16,000,000 now in use. The average car has a life of nearly eight years, which means that not many more than two million would have to be produced annually to keep the number at that level. But we have actually produced over four million. The practical capacity of our factories, based on the largest monthly production in history—that of August, 1923—is at least 4,750,000 a year. In view of the new equipment since then, and the unused capacity at the peak, our theoretical maximum output must be over 5,000,000. It takes only a simple sum in arithmetic to predict that we shall have reached the saturation point before very long. Suppose that to be, at the extreme outside, 24,000,000. It will then take an annual production of about 3,000,000 for replacement, and nearly half the capacity of the plants will be permanently idle.

That may set in motion all sorts of social consequences. Competition, as long as it remains, will be redoubled and prices will be lowered. Costs will be

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shaved at every point. The workers, hitherto paid somewhat above the average, are likely to suffer wage cuts and give more attention to union organization. Losses and failures, the writing down of capital values, will be the order of the day. All this might be sufficient to set in motion a general depression. Those in the strongest position may perfect a monopoly, and charge up the capital costs of idle capacity to the public in retail prices. But even a monopoly would have to reckon with the fundamental conflict between high price and a saturated market.

The wonder is that so many automobiles have already been sold. This is explicable only on three grounds. We have, in the first place, the cheap car. Since 1916, it appears, there has been no appreciable increase in the output of the more expensive cars, the expansion having taken place chiefly in the production of Fords and the like. In the second place, this expansion has been made possible only through the wide extension of partial payments by purchasers and corresponding bank credits to the dealers. And the third element, which has prevented the sale of the more expensive types from falling off disastrously, is the habit of selling used cars at a considerable sacrifice. Among the limited classes who can afford to buy an automobile costing from $1000 up, the fashion is to have a new one every year or two. This fashion is bolstered by every sales device that can be invented. Improvements or apparent improvements in technique, the vogue of new designs such as the various forms of closed body, the disc wheel, and so on—these are exploited with increasing intensity.

As to genuine improvements in durability or service, the competitive manufacturer of the more costly car is between the devil and the deep sea. The better he makes his product, the more chance of sales he has in the used-car market, which is his only eventual outlet. His car has to compete not only with others shining from the factory, but with others at the end of several years of service, and with the new inexpensive cars at several downward levels of price. But the longer the car lasts, the fewer have to be made every year to fill replacements in a saturated market. The average durability of cars has recently increased from five to nearly eight years. This results not merely from better manufacture but also from better roads and more intelligent use. And it brings nearer the downward slant of the production curve.

The rest of the world is nowhere nearly so well supplied with cars as the United States, and some look with hope to increased exports as an offset to the domestic crisis. Exports have increased somewhat, but they have never been much above 10 percent of the total domestic production. There are numerous good reasons why they will probably never bulk very large. Gasoline is more costly abroad than here; this leads to a smaller use of cars and to a different type of car—lighter and more efficient. Average real wages and standards of living are lower than in the United States, and there is little likelihood of their increasing rapidly. And the state of mind of the European peasant and workingman is not so alert or aggressive in the matter of personal conveniences as is that of the American farmer and laborer.

At any moment gasoline production in the United States may pass its peak, and the resulting upward trend of gas prices would further limit the American market. It is conceivable that some new fuel or more efficient type of car will eventually be devised under such circumstances, which will give the automobile industry a chance to repeat its beanstalk growth all over again. But short of such an eventuality, the only force which can stay its doom is a marked and rapid rise in the purchasing power of the general population. Any project which tends either to greater equalization of income or to an increase of general productivity ought to be of vital interest to automobile manufacturers. They could invest in the future of their industry to no better purpose than by heavily subsidizing the American Federation of Labor for an organizing and wage-raising campaign, and by backing to the limit every program for the elimination of economic waste.

The automobile industry is an interesting sample of capitalist culture in general. We make mechanical inventions, we start off gaily as individuals to pile up money from them. All kinds of unpredicted reverberations are felt in our individual and social habits. New demands are made on resources of raw material. We are prodigal of human energy. New sources of great incomes are built up. Capital values arise based on temporary profits. But it cannot last forever. Eventually we have to count our resources, we have to distribute the benefits of civilization more equally, we have to deflate our capital. All this takes social inventiveness, social control. The perfecting of adequate social devices lags far behind the mechanical inventions. This fact causes unnecessary misery. But sometime man may learn to exercise his group intelligence before rather than after the crisis. That is the hope of modern civilization.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

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Employes' Representation in Steel and Coal

*A Study of the Rockefeller Plan**

STEEL is an industry in which the prevailing policy has been control by managers responsible to stockholders without conference with wage-earners. The voice of the steel workers has been the voice of the Chairman of the Board of Directors of the United States Steel Corporation. In the midst of the discussion of the twelve-hour day in 1921, Judge Gary said to the stockholders, "The workers themselves are unwilling to have the hours of labor decreased for the reason that they desire the larger weekly compensation resulting from the long hours."

Coal is an industry in which a national union has staked out a claim to bargain collectively with operators on wages and hours and other working conditions affecting earnings. Almost alone in the economic life of America, the coal miner in union mines suffered no reduction in wage rates after the War—tangible evidence of the strength of the United Mine Workers of America.

"The United Mine Workers gave us the Rockefeller plan," say miners employed by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company. This, in view of the bitter denunciation of the plan by union leaders in Colorado, is startling, but true. The plan, they tell you, has brought tangible benefits such as good housing, clean streets, well-kept fences, better schools and playgrounds, more humane treatment by superintendents and foremen, checks upon the arbitrary power to discharge without warning for the least offense. These all reflect a changed policy in management. But it required the strike of 1913-14, with all its violence and bloodshed, to stir managerial officials and to interest Mr. Rockefeller, by focussing public opinion on existing conditions. Without that tremendous effort on the part of the United Mine Workers to secure recognition by the non-union operators in Colorado, among whom the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company was the largest and most influential, with the Rockefeller family as its largest stockholder, the miners and the steel workers might not have been given the voice which employes' representation is designed to make articulate.

Stirred by the tragedies and the public discussion of the strike, Mr. Rockefeller called in W. L. Mackenzie King, former Minister of Labor and now Premier of Canada. After voluminous correspondence with managerial officials, conference with miners' representatives in January, 1915, and visits to Colorado by both Mr. King and Mr. Rockefeller, the Industrial Representation plan was formulated, presented to representatives of miners and management by Mr. Rockefeller for discussion in October, adopted by the company and by the miners, voting in all camps, in the following week, and finally put into effect in January, 1916. Five months later, in May, 1916, it was introduced into the Minnequa Steel Works, which is owned and operated by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in Pueblo, Colorado.

The purpose of the plan is to restore lost personal relationships by inviting employes to elect representatives to attend joint conferences with managerial officials, serve on joint committees, and to act on behalf of fellow-employes in all matters of mutual concern. The company employs 5,000 miners in some 25 mines in Colorado, and 6,000 to 7,000 steel workers. It has also iron mines in Wyoming, and quarries in Colorado, and operates the Colorado and Wyoming Railway.

In each mine at least two or more employes' representatives, in the proportion of one to every 150 employes, are elected annually by employes. They attend four district conferences, and one annual meeting representing all mines. In each district

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* To have offered a plan for employes' representation in the same form to steel workers and to coal miners as did John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company in 1915, was to initiate an experiment having all the scientific advantages of trying the same thing under radically different conditions. Study of what has actually happened in carrying out the same plan in these two basic industries, with their startling contrasts in labor policy in the industry as a whole, should help to show what factors are constant in industrial relations and what weight must be given to the present stage of development of these relations in each industry before employes' representation can be fairly appraised. Publication this month of two reports by the Russell Sage Foundation, one analyzing employes' representation in coal mines, by Ben M. Selekman of the Foundation's Department of Industrial Studies and the present writer, and the other describing the same plan in the steel works in the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, by Mr. Selekman, from the time of the first acceptance of the plan in 1915 to the summer of 1924, gives opportunity for sketching the contrasts and their significance for the future of employes' representation. The results are important because the Rockefeller plan has been accepted as a model by hundreds of other companies who assume it has come close to solving the problem of employer vs. employe. Wider significance is given to the findings by the fact that they are part of a series, the first of which, recently published, Sharing Management with the Workers, describes the Partnership plan of the Dutchess Bleachery, and others to follow will analyze the Works Council at Rock Island Arsenal, and the labor policy of William Filene's Sons' Company in their retail store in Boston. The Colorado plan differs from each of these three but it has itself become the forerunner of a long series of similar schemes, now numbering 800 or more in American industry.

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four joint committees are elected at a district conference, to deal with (1) safety and accidents; (2) sanitation, health, and housing; (3) recreation and education; (4) coöperation, conciliation and wages. Each has six members, three representing mine employes, and three managerial officials. They are "available for consultation at any time throughout the year" with managerial officials.

The steel works has nine divisions, with at least two employes' representatives in each, precisely as in the coal mines. The employes' representatives act on behalf of their fellow-employes in each division. They represent them at joint conferences. They elect representatives on the four joint committees, which deal with the same subjects as in the coal mines, but each has twelve instead of six members.

I. STEEL

Three experiences in the history of employes' representation in the Minnequa Steel Works stand out as illustrating both the achievements and the weaknesses of the plan.

Five years before the United States Steel Corporation yielded to public agitation and announced the elimination of the twelve-hour day, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company had established the eight-hour shift in all departments of its steel works, because employes' representatives convinced the management that the men desired it, and were even willing to accept lower earnings to secure shorter hours.

When steel workers throughout the country struck in 1919, with their main objective the elimination of the twelve-hour shift and the right to bargain collectively, the steel workers of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company banked the furnaces and shut down the works completely, though they had won the eight-hour day, were working under the Rockefeller plan, and had met no objection on the part of the management in their campaign to organize their fellow-workers in the plant into trade unions before the strike. The dominant issue was the low wage scale—a minimum then of $3.68 a day. They were convinced that employes' representation would not bring them higher wages. Believing that a national union might do it, they went without work and wages for three months in the hope of establishing one.

Failing a national organization, the workers in the Minnequa Steel Works settled down after the strike to use the machinery of employes' representation as effectively as possible, particularly to attack the wage problem. In a joint conference under the plan an employes' representative raised questions about a recent increase in eastern mills. The management responded by a new and democratic procedure. In accord with the agreement in the plan to maintain as favorable wages and hours as its competitors, an increase in the East must be applied to the various jobs in the steel plant in Colorado. This required some investigation, hitherto conducted by the management alone. In this instance, employes were put on a joint committee to go East and study wage schedules, and then to share in putting the new rates into effect in each department of the Minnequa works. In the wage decreases of the following year, the employes' representatives bargained successfully twice in joint conferences for a 15 percent reduction instead of the 20 percent cut which the United States Steel Corporation had announced, but at the end of the year, according to the report of an employes' representative, they had to yield to another cut of 10 percent to bring them down to the level of the corporation. In four years of effort on the part of unusually alert employes' representatives, met by managers ready to give them a share in determining how a change in competitors' rates should apply locally, the steel workers under the Rockefeller plan have found that in the end they must accept the wage scale set by the United States Steel Corporation with its policy of managing business without consultation with wage-earning employes even in matters directly affecting them.

These three episodes, winning the eight-hour day, striking in 1919, and raising and lowering wages, tell the story of the operation of employes' representation in the Minnequa Steel Works. In recognizing the employes' right to be heard, through definitely chosen representatives, the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company is far in advance of its competitors. Substantial gains have accrued. In addition to the eight-hour day, greater security in the job has resulted from the right of appeal against arbitrary decisions of foremen and superintendents. But if the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company, producing only 2 percent of the nation's steel, must accept the wage scale of its competitors—a belief which is probably accurate only within certain limits, since cost of labor and its effect upon prices, not wage rates, is the determinant of success in selling products at a profit—representation limited to the Pueblo employes can have no influence upon the one condition of employment most vital to wage-earners—the wage scale.

Nor has the company gone as far as it might in giving a new status to wage-earners even within the confines of its own plant. Sharing management and dividing profits as in the Dutchess Bleachery—the first plant studied in the new series by the Russell Sage Foundation—constitute a much more substantial recognition of wage-earners than the right of appeal of grievances and the joint conferences of the Rockefeller plan.

The Dutchess Bleachery, also, is in a low-wage industry, and its wage scale is dominated by its competitors' rates. Though a bleachery may not look like a blast furnace or a wire mill, human beings are employed in each, and the incentives leading to action among workmen are alike in each. The experience of the bleachery is, therefore, significant to industry generally, but particularly to the iron and

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steel industries, because the past relations between employer and employes and the relation of the plant to its community when the Partnership plan was conceived, are like present-day conditions in many branches of the steel industry. The Partnership plan, as gradually evolved, has given the workers a voice in the conduct of the business through definite membership in the Board of Management and the Board of Directors: through it they receive information about the state of the business month by month; and the plan gives them a share in profits besides setting aside funds in advance to make payments to both stockholders and wage-earners in periods of depression.

The idea back of the plan as interpreted by Harold A. Hatch sounds very like Mr. Rockefeller's philosophy of industrial relations. Both find three lacks in modern industry: (1) personal contacts between owners and wage-earners have become impossible in large-scale enterprises with the result that neither understands the other; (2) the worker is limited to one job and he does not believe that the prosperity of the business depends upon him; (3) he has no permanent stake in the business and is sceptical, to say the least, as to whether he is receiving his fair share in the earnings.

The greater success of the Dutchess Bleachery in efforts to remedy these defects, as compared with the Minnequa Steel Works, is not due to lesser idealism on the part of Mr. Rockefeller and Mr. King. It is due rather to less practical wisdom in embodying and applying these ideas in a plan which wins the confidence of the workers. Moreover, in carrying out the plan local officials of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company have not seemed to realize the importance of encouraging the growth of employes' representation by giving larger responsibilities to the employes as they prove their capacity. The employes' representatives have been conferees only and not partners. In all essential features, the plan in Colorado has remained unchanged since its introduction, while at the bleachery it has had a gradual growth as experience has shown the wisdom of sharing more responsibilities with workmen's representatives.

Both the bleachery and the Minnequa Steel Works are in industries which lack strong national unions. Each is virtually limited to its own plant since collective agreements over a wider area of an industry are impossible in the absence of unions. But even with these limitations the Minnequa Steel Works could develop its plan of employes' representation into a partnership plan as real as that already demonstrated as practicable by the managers of the Dutchess Bleachery.

II. COAL

Against the background of the steel industry, the new labor policy in Colorado shines by contrast. But a forward step in steel may be a backward step in coal. Moreover, a forward step in coal in 1915, following the civil war of 1913-14, may have become retrograde by 1925, through failure to take the next step forward. This in a word is the significance of the present status of the Rockefeller plan in the Colorado coal fields. Though some changes have been made in the plan in recent years, they are of a minor character, and do not touch the fundamental weaknesses.

Gains have been made. Corporation control over political elections is no longer exerted. Arbitrary discharges by superintendents are curbed by the right of appeal. "Old days, super he no like-a you, skidoo," said an Italian representative of employes. "No more like-a that." Living conditions are improved, and so are camp schools. Never again, says President Welborn, will the company, so long as he is president, employ strike-breakers. Hence strikes have been peaceful, "without even a fist fight," both miners and company officials will tell you. This has been a boon to Colorado, torn by so much violent industrial strife in the past.

But industrial peace in its deeper sense has not been established. Some outstanding grievances have been handled in a way which left the men involved lastingly dissatisfied. Many grievances are never acted upon through the plan because the men lack confidence or interest in it. Strikes, also, have occurred, three in all, since the Industrial Representation plan was introduced. Two of these were the response of Colorado miners to nation-wide strikes called by the United Mine Workers. The third was a protest against a 30 percent reduction in wages by the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company alone. Martial law was proclaimed in Huerfano County the day before the strike began, though there is no evidence that violence was imminent. Firearms used in the Civil War were gathered in by the troops from miners' homes. The troops were kept on duty for several months. The miners lost, but in the next nation-wide coal strike the scale maintained all along in union mines was restored in Colorado.

Again, as in the steel works, the vital point for the men is the wage scale. To the steel workers, the power to fix wages seems to rest with the United States Steel Corporation. To the coal miners, the thing appears to be done by the United Mine Workers in collective bargaining with union operators. In neither affair do the Colorado workers have a voice. In the steel works, the lack of a national union to make possible an agreement affecting the area of competition, prevents management and employes from collective bargaining on wage rates even inside their own plant. All that they do is to apply locally the rates set by competitors. In the coal mines the national union already exists and wages are set by its contracts with union operators, but it is the policy of the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company not to deal with the union, and hence it is not a party to the scale of wages which it nevertheless adopts in its own properties.

The Rockefeller plan is based on the idea that

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the interests of "labor" and of "capital" are identical. Hence employes' representation limited to one plant has seemed to Mr. Rockefeller sufficient to protect the workers, and in the steel industry no wider representation has as yet been achieved anywhere in this country. But in the coal industry, the national union stands as a fact to be reckoned with. Its growth has been due in the last analysis to the miners' conviction that it alone protects their wage scale. In other words, the miners believe in a conflict of interest between labor and capital. Every dispute over wages confirms this view. Constructive peace in industry demands that account be taken both of common interests and of conflict. The need is to develop some machinery for coöperation in mutual interests and for widening their extent; while at the same time providing the basis for settling divergent claims justly without the extremely wasteful conflict which merely gives victory to the stronger side.

Never was there a more interesting or challenging opportunity than is now offered in Colorado, if the Rockefeller interests could be represented there by the type of labor manager who has had so important a share in the constructive achievements of the clothing industry. In steel, a thorough-going experiment in wage-earners' participation in management could develop out of the beginnings which have been made in employes' representation. In coal, an equally genuine sharing of management with the workers, combined with representation through the union in collective agreements in the industry as a whole, could easily be developed into a genuine "Industrial Constitution" for the coal industry. "Industrial Constitution" was, in fact, the phrase used by Mr. Rockefeller in describing the Colorado plan.

Neither in coal nor in steel does the Colorado Fuel and Iron Company occupy a dominating position. But its very remoteness from the main centres in both industries leaves it free to experiment. In processes and in human relations it is typical of both coal and steel. The publicity given by circumstances to its experiments makes its labor policy strategically important in its influence upon other companies, as is evidenced by the spread of its plan for employes' representation.

MARY VAN KLEECK.

Cancer Research

THE cells of a normal adult divide no more than is necessary for the replacement and repair of the tissues. When there is a local overgrowth the resulting structure is called a tumor. These tumors, from warts upwards, which show no tendency to spread into surrounding tissues, and have a definite boundary, are called benign, and can generally be removed completely. Malignant tumors or cancers have no such sharp boundary and are dangerous because they tend to spread and often to form colonies in distant parts of the body. Researches on cancer fall into two categories, those directed to ascertain its cause, and hence its method of prevention, and those which study its behavior and the methods of curing or alleviating it.

Our knowledge of the causation of cancer will only be complete when we know why tissue cells do not divide under normal circumstances, though they will often do so if separated from the rest of the body and placed in a suitable nutrient fluid. Meanwhile we may remark that there is no more one cause of cancer than of fever. Cancer may be produced by tar, X-rays, or parasitic worms, just as fever may be produced by a bacillus, a head injury, or a drug. This fact makes it rather unlikely that we shall be able to prevent all forms of cancer by the same method. Every experimental cancer so far produced in animals has been a result of chronic irritation of some kind, and the same is true of the types of cancer affecting various classes of men, for example chimney sweeps, tar and paraffin workers, X-ray operators and syphilitic tobacco smokers, who are said to be specially liable to cancer of the tongue. From this fact the generalization has been made that cancer is always due to chronic irritation. Since paraffin cancer may develop ten years after the patient has ceased to work with paraffin it is clear that the process of induction is slow, and this slowness has been given as the reason why cancer so rarely develops in people under forty years of age. As against this view it may be remarked that most forms of chronic irritation do not cause cancer, or cancer of the little toe and the nasal mucous membrane would be very common, which they are not. And heredity may account for cancer. Maud Slye, of Chicago, who has done post-mortems on over 40,000 mice, finds that in certain families every mouse living over 18 months develops cancer, in others, kept under similar conditions, none; whilst the disease is inherited approximately at least, as a Mendelian recessive, as it is in certain flies. However, tar will cause cancer in mice of any family.

Human statistics give no indubitable proof of heredity in this case, for a slight tendency to run in families, such as certainly exists, may be explained by similar environment or habits. But it is likely that susceptibility to cancer, as to other diseases, is partly inherited. Unfortunately, as the malady generally appears after the age of bearing or begetting children is past, natural selection does not weed out those who are liable to it, as it is weeding out those liable to tuberculosis, which commonly kills its victims while they are still potential parents.

As cancer is far commoner in civilized than in

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savage communities, it has been attributed by various authors to most of the conditions peculiar to civilized life. To take the latest example, Mr. Ellis Barker has attributed it to food preservatives, vitamin deficiency, and chronic constipation. Any or all of these may be true causes, but there is no evidence to associate cancer with rickets, scurvy, beri-beri, or any other vitamin deficiency disease in man, and out of the thousands of animals which have been starved of vitamins only one, so far as I know, has developed cancer. There is not a jot of evidence that food preservatives cause it, while these substances certainly stop a good deal of bacterial infection. With regard to constipation, we still await either statistical or experimental data to connect it with cancer.

If I were compelled—which fortunately I am not—to suggest a cause of cancer among the features of civilization, I should point to the use of coal, which when burnt yields the cancer producing body found in tar and soot. There is some rather inadequate statistical evidence from Scotland that the use of peat in place of coal fires is associated with immunity to the disease. I should look askance at the indiscriminate use of such substances as vaseline, which may very well contain the cancer producing body found in paraffin, and lubricating oil, which certainly contains it. The tar used for road-making will in all probability cause cancer in many of those who spread it, conceivably in those who inhale it in the form of dust. Such possibilities as to the cause of cancer have at least a solid ground in occupational mortality statistics and in experimental work. Speculations as to diet have not, except as regards the action of one or two dye stuffs which are rarely if ever found in human diet, though they produce internal cancer in those who make them.

When we turn to the study of the cancer cell and its habits, our most practically valuable knowledge is as to its appearance under the microscope. This often enables us to decide whether a given growth is malignant or not, and hence whether it is the surgeon's duty not merely to remove the growth of which a microscopical sample has been taken, but to cut away neighboring tissues into which its cells may have emigrated. The large amount of work which has been done on the microscopical structure of appropriately stained slices of cancers has therefore saved many lives, and removed from many more minds the ghastly suspicion that a harmless growth might be malignant. Almost equally useful has been the work of the pathological anatomists, who, by innumerable post-mortem examinations, have discovered the paths along which cancer cells might migrate from certain sites. The most usual of these paths are the lymphatics, vessels which drain a clear fluid from the intercellular spaces of the tissues into the veins. On the way to the blood stream it passes through lymph nodes, in which foreign bodies such as dust particles, bacteria, and cancer cells are stopped. Thus, if a cancer of the breast spreads, it will generally spread along the lymphatics which pass through the nodes of the armpit. When a breast is removed for cancer, the lymphatics which drain it are also dissected out for some distance. If the lymph nodes of the armpit are free from cancer cells the patient has a good chance of surviving for many years, though unfortunately migration sometimes takes place into the inside of the chest and belly.

As to the more intimate nature of the cancer cell, we know but little. Our most important information as to the differences between it and the ordinary cell has come in the last few months from the laboratory of Warburg in Berlin. There are two ways in which a cell may use sugar as a source of energy. It can burn it, that is to say, combine it with oxygen, or without using up any oxygen it can split it into simpler products. Thus a yeast cell splits it into alcohol and carbon dioxide, a contracting muscle fibre into lactic acid. If the muscle cell has a sufficient supply of oxygen it soon puts the split sugar together again, burning some of it to get the required energy. About eleven times as much energy can be got from sugar by burning it as by splitting it into lactic acid. But the cancer cells, even in presence of much oxygen, will split far more sugar than they oxidize, and in this they differ from all other cells, even those of embryos or non-malignant tumors. They are, in fact, spendthrifts, relying on the normal cells of the body for constant supplies of sugar. How to exploit this knowledge is at present beyond us. The biochemist is here in the position of a detective who is watching a suspected person, and has just observed in him some very peculiar behavior, not however peculiar enough to bring him definitely within the grasp of the criminal law. But there are many possibilities. So many curious facts about the chemical behavior in the body of sugars and their likes have turned up, especially in the course of investigations on diabetes and on muscular exercise, that we may easily discover a method of discouraging the cancerous type of sugar metabolism without affecting that of a normal cell.

Among the mass of published work on cancer almost all the data necessary for prevention or cure may already exist. The majority of this work is worthless. For in cancer research it is legitimate to follow up a line of investigation even if one feels that the chances are a thousand to one against its success. But after a year or two's work this detached point of view as to one's own importance may be succeeded by one more resembling that of the average person. One does not like to dismiss a year's research in ten lines of print. And the importance of the end in view may lead to an emotional condition which is fatal to scientific thinking. An objective attitude is almost as difficult as with regard to spiritualism, alcoholism or birth control. But in the study of cancer, as elsewhere, our one hope lies in the adoption of that attitude.

J. B. S. HALDANE.

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Nurmi Breaks a Record

WHERE once sat twenty-four votes for Oscar W. Underwood an equal number of Western Union Messenger boys are tearing around a wooden track. The boards pound under rangy young legs, and numbers flapping loose from eager backs tell us which of them is Pressman, Hellas, Butz or Sheehy. Through a light haze loom American flags, and black-hatted figures are tiered all the way to the Garden's roof. The crowd has come to see the big fellows run, but is not too impatient to kid the messengers as they rush by. "Go it, big boy! . . . That's form alright . . . I'm betting on 288." As the messengers finish, slow down, walk off patting the winner on the back, sweatered figures emerge in the interval before the next race to trot or spring independently around, exhibiting every known variety of leg action, every possible leanness or stumpiness of limb, every conceivable angle of nose cleaving the air.

Thirty-three events are to be run off tonight. Paavo Nurmi is the thirty-first. Before we get to him we must watch a medley of sprints, middle-distances, long-distances, walks, relay-races, by girls, messengers, experts, world's record holders. Rather a long curtain-raiser for the great Finn. Yet all these contests between the weary and the not quite so weary, this multitude of legs straining, or flagging stubbornly, in good form and bad, will give us something whereby to judge perfection when it comes. It does not seem possible that there are so many kinds of legs, nor so many different ways to run. The winners are usually the simplest in form, leaving behind them thrashing arms, uptilted heads, rolling bodies, all those whose motions go off into other gestures than that of running fast.

Little girls rush furiously for half a lap, bent low like bicycle riders, their bright jerseys flashing in a crazy quilt of speed. Over in the centre of the arena a winner is being presented with a huge silver trophy. Under our noses a long race is ending, and the victor crosses the finish line just behind a poor wretch who has still the whole track to cover if he would finish too. And in the eyes of an inattentive crowd probably the last shall be first. In the mass the runners look alike, and one's desire to distinguish between Speppard, Btesch, Liljiberg, E. Egg and Earnest Opacity goes unrewarded. Now in the slack time between events trot miscellaneous figures, warming up. Among them a smallish figure in grey sweater and long grey trousers, rather slow, rather precise, rather erect, jogs up and down, careless of all the others. A murmur in the crowd. "That's Nurmi!"

But his time is not yet. There are still several races, among them a long walk for which the previous record is some twenty-two minutes. Can such an interminable spectacle possibly be interesting? Yet it turns out to be fascinating, because so very different from any walking you or I have ever done. The heels must touch the ground first, and the knees must not bend, so in the effort to obey these rules and reach the height of speed the half-dozen bodies sidle swiftly in an alert upward-jerking step. A motion that seems ungainly, unnatural until one is a little used to it, and the monotony of an apparent effort not to run is transformed into the gruelling necessity of walking faster than seems humanly possible.

As the races become more important, the crowd of judges in derby hats and dinner coats seems to increase. Their function is to hold invisible stop-watches in the palm of the right hand, and consult them with a sideways glance. One of them, portly with the unathletic roundness that only judges of athletic events seem to have, wears a silk hat. Surely his stop-watch is made of gold. Now comes the heart-breaking mile, and soon after it Willie Ritola, a lesser Finn, in the 5000 metre run. Nurmi is not competing, but for once we have something worth comparing him with. Ritola starts off at a wide-stepping pace which surely he cannot maintain thirty-four times around the track, but he does, running apparently more against his own sense of time than against opponents.

Now at last comes the final interval. Nurmi is to run two and a quarter miles. There he stands, a tiny figure way down at the other end of the arena, taking off his grey sweater. The band starts playing something solemn, slow, undistinguished. The crowd, scenting a national anthem, rise as one man, with their hats off. They are right; the national anthem of Finland. Far down at the other end, stands Nurmi at rigid attention, his long trousers half-unbuttoned. When the anthem stops he finishes unbuttoning them and peels them off. A slow, ceremonious getting into position. The pistol. In a few seconds flashes by not a small grey figure at a jog trot, but a beautiful slim blond apparition in white shorts and blue jersey. The length of the stride and the energy put into it seem terrific for so small a figure. Very soon he is in the lead. Each time he comes around he seems just the same, and almost puts his foot down on the same place. He knows exactly what he is doing. He is not racing against the other men, but against time, with accurate knowledge to the second of how fast he must go if he is to break the record. At the third lap he goes around in twenty-five seconds, half way through the time is the same; two laps from the end it is still precisely twenty-five seconds. And the motions made for each stride seem identical to the motions of the stride before, and from start to finish it is the same stride. The monotony of such regularity might pall, but after a few laps one be-

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comes fascinated with a spectacle which might be part of eternity. He might always have been running, a year from now he may be running still, in the same place, at the same speed, with his arms forever economically reaching ahead, running a little too, his small neat head straight in the air, his body beautifully perpendicular. As if following some tremendous pull ahead of him he seems to be running a little downhill, easily, without effort, in contrast to lesser runners, for whom the hill is always up. Not a sound, scarcely a parting of the lips, not a falter or unnecessary motion, not a single visible increase or slackening of pace. The others fall way behind; he passes, he laps them all, lightly, inexorably moving on and on.

A bell. The last lap. The crowds roar. A blue jersey flashes by the finish line, and this incomparably wound-up mechanism slows down, turns, stops.

And fifteen seconds have been shaved off another world's record.

R. L.

The English

IN 1815 France and England had been separated for about a quarter of a century (the thirteen months' truce of Amiens may be ignored) during which, in matters of art at any rate, neither country knew much of what was going on in the other. As a matter of fact, while all had been turned topsy-turvy in France, things had developed normally over here. The romantic movement, which was under weigh long before the Revolution, had gathered impetus; and Wordsworth and Coleridge, Byron and Scott, despite the hubbub raised by old fools, were not only the best but the most representative English writers. In France the movement had been arrested; and was now represented only by the pailful of Rousseauism which the less inflexible flung over their travesty of the classical tradition. That travesty—"the Greeks and the Romans" as understood by David and Company—w what suited the revolutionary and imperial bureaucrats by whom it was mercilessly imposed on everyone else. Châteaubriand notwithstanding, France in 1815 was a quarter of a century behind the times.

Nevertheless, though heroic representations of Horatii and Leonidas, or, in literature, rhetorical tirades by Brutus and the Gracchi—the very dregs and scum of the seventeenth-century tradition—appealed to the men of '89, a generation was arising which suffered these things only because it dared not oppose, nor knew with what to oppose them if it dared. This generation was tolerably sceptical about the great revolution (though fifteen years later it was to use it as a cudgel against the Bourbons), and sick to death of the empire which for war, slavery and intellectual and artistic bankruptcy could offer nothing better than military glory and could offer that no more. Without taking de Musset's confessions too seriously we may believe that by 1815 (when the poet himself was but five years old) the clever young men had had enough of the only "world of reality" with which they were acquainted, and were inclined to take refuge in that world of fantastic imaginings which had been called into dubious existence by English and German literature. Add that, if republican orators and Napoleon's generals had liked being told that they were the very images of Plutarch's heroes, the Bourbons were not unwilling that the middle ages should be glorified; and you will agree, I think, that France was ripe for romanticism.

France, to be sure, had revelled in Ossian already. He was Napoleon's favorite poet. But Ossian had been admired not so much as the apostle of romanticism as of savagery, and had been taken up by the Primitives, or pre-Phidians, a school with which Ingres had once flirted, in so far as an artist can be said to flirt with people remarkable only for eccentric costume and disorderly conduct. It was after 1815 that romanticism poured in on France from both sides, from England and Germany, the superiority of the English writers naturally making their influence predominant. German philosophy counted for something; but German painting could, at this time, have no influence whatever because no German school of painting existed. In 1815 there were but Davidism and "les Anglais."

Histories of French painting between '15 and '30 are full of them, in contemporary letters and journals the phrase crops up incessantly—"les anglais," "l'école anglaise": well, who were they, these English? To begin with, the eighteenth-century tradition was not yet dead but lived comfortably in the agreeable portraits of Lawrence. To us Sir Thomas seems a rather feeble old gentleman; in 1815 to the rising generation of French painters his portraits seemed miracles of beauty. Were they not generously colored in the eighteenth-century manner? Instead of presenting that thin, licked, shiny exterior which makes many pictures of Ingres even repulsive at first sight, and reminds one sometimes of poverty-stricken bread and butter and sometimes of the tray on which it is served, were they not freely painted with a lavish brush? Also, Lawrence and the school of Reynolds seemed to have no prejudice against character, feeling themselves under no obligation to reduce contemporary men and women to the beau idéal of Wincklemann. And, as if to point the moral, here was Danloux, a French émigré, who, having escaped from the Greeks and the Romans to the romantic island, could do as well as any of the

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descendants of Reynolds and Gainsborough and better than most. "Ici seulement," wrote Géricault from London in 1820, "on connait ou l'on goûte la couleur et l'effet."

The influence of the English school of portrait-painting was spread in France by a continual coming and going between London and Paris. It is odd to think of the more enterprising young Frenchmen hurrying across the channel to get into the movement, just as, during the last seventy years, the alert of all nations have hurried to Paris. Yet so it was. Nevertheless, the most serviceable intermediary between French and English painting was neither Géricault nor Charlet, nor Brunet nor Isabey nor Delacroix even, but a young Englishman living in Paris, Bonnington. Bonnington was a rather flashy, clever painter; but he was an enthusiastic disciple, not of Reynolds and the portraitists, but of Gainsborough's successor in the art of landscape painting. It was Bonnington who proclaimed in France the revelation of Constable; it was he, presumably, who induced that master to send three pictures, including The Haywain, to the salon of 1824.

The salon of 1824, the salon of 1863, and the salon d'automme of 1904, are the three sensational dates in modern painting. The first was the salon des Anglais, the second the salon des Refusés, and the third the rétrospective of Cézanne. The Englishmen who sent pictures to the salon of '24 were Lawrence, Constable, Thales Fielding, Copley Fielding and Bonnington. Of these only Constable strikes us now as a painter of first-rate importance; nevertheless, all of them, and Wilkie, Etty, and even Leslie, too, displayed qualities to astonish and excite young Frenchmen brought up in the narrow discipline of the school. All displayed, to some extent, the qualities which distinguished Constable. And Constable's Haywain, though by no means his masterpiece—inferior certainly to The Cornfield and The Valley Farm—was characteristic enough to do what it had to do, i. e., to provoke a revolution. For Constable, though not one of the great artists, is one of the founders of modern painting.

Compare a landscape by Constable with a landscape by Claude or Poussin, or with a Ruysdael even or a Gainsborough, or, indeed, with a landscape by any master of the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and you will perceive that the two pictures are of different worlds; compare it, on the other hand, with a landscape by Rousseau or Corot or Millet or Pissarro or Sisley and you will perceive that, in spite of great differences, they are of the same; compare it, if you like, with a Royal Academy picture, and the only essential difference to be noted is that one is a very good picture and the other a very bad. The difference between Constable and his predecessors, I would say—if I may be granted the journalist's liberty of the nutshell—was, that they had made observation fit into a picture, whereas he tried to make a picture out of observation. The old masters—even the Dutch—had a preconceived notion of a picture, based on that sixteenth-century practice in which the subject was as a rule "humane." The subject might, however, be landscape or still-life; but whatever it might be it had to be fitted into the traditional conception. A landscape was composed as religious or mythological pieces or as a portrait would be composed: natural objects were treated as masses—monumental masses more often than not and direct observations from nature were set down only when the grand scheme of composition seemed to require them.

Against this method, which has given us some of the masterpieces of western art, I have nothing to say. Only, it was not Constable's; and Constable was the man whom the nineteenth century followed. He was an observer; so, as their sketches prove, were many of the old masters. But Constable felt so passionately the significance and beauty of what he observed that he determined to make his observations the essence of his picture, and, with a minimum of sacrifice, out of them to create a work of art. That is where he too often failed; and that is why he is not quite of the greatest. By no means always did he succeed in welding his multitudinous facts into a coherent unity. His compositions have often a confusedness and sometimes a downright silliness resulting from a too scrupulous statement, from an unwillingness to tamper with nature or generalize his experience. Trees, houses, tufts of grass too often remain undigested, stick painfully out of the design, or cling to it by a thread. He is clumsy. It remained for an artist of higher genius to construct a faultless harmony out of direct and passionate observation and so give us the perfect modern landscape. Corot, disciplined and directed by the classic influence of Claude, was to justify the conviction of Constable, thereby, incidentally, making possible impressionism.

To paint their landscapes the old masters, who attached considerable importance to the elegance and suavity of their brush-work, had used much the same technique as was used in other pictures. To render the intense color, the variety and shimmer of nature directly observed, an entirely new process was required. This Constable invented. He did not hesitate to use smears, dots and scrapings of the palette knife to get his effects; also, he juxtaposed streaks of pure color to obtain vividness. By this you can see how near he came to the impressionist technique, besides showing that school the way to their central theory—pleinairisme. Constable himself, so far as I know, never made more than sketches in the open. But his sketches are, perhaps, the most brilliant and characteristic part of his output; while the quality of his studio-pictures, if you look closely into them, will be found often as broken, exciting and modern as that of a Renoir.

At the salon of 1824 Constable's pictures had such an effect on Delacroix that he is said to have withdrawn the Massacre de Scio and repainted it entirely. There may be exaggeration in the story;

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its mere existence is significant. What most excited the French painters was the Englishman's love and bold use of color. Delacroix was thrilled by the juxtaposition of pure tones as a means to vividness. Essentially it was a colorist revolution. The directness of Constable—made possible largely by the English practice of painting in water colors—and his subversive technique, were to bear their best fruit later. As for the preference for mediæval and renaissance rather than classical subjects—a matter of supreme importance to the ruck of the romantic school—Constable cannot be held responsible for that, neither do I know that the fashion came especially from England. On the other hand, it appears to have been the English Cotman who, with his Engravings of Norman Antiques, opened French eyes to the picturesque possibilities of France. Nevertheless, the revolution of 1824 was, as I have said, mainly concerned with color. And here a fact must be stated which, to some extent, qualifies all that has gone before. Géricault set out for London in the beginning of 1820; at the salon of 1819 he had exhibited Le Radeau de la Méduse, which, though no one at the time seems quite to have realized it, is, in effect, a colorist masterpiece. Before he left for England, therefore, Géricault had directly challenged the precepts of the school.

CLIVE BELL.

Let You Who Would Be Lovers

Let you who would be lovers
Learn to make pyres,
Throwing the rest of your lives,
With your loves, on the fires.

Leave, when the flame has guttered
To a sombre spark,
This husk of a glorious room
And the hurt of its dark.

Yours was an ivory city?
Seek the soil's sharp
Acid of sweat—roughen hands
That were smooth on a harp.

Leave the known walls, the known plying
Of hand or mind,
Known dusk, known lights, the known door
And the void behind.

Perilous these as chasms
When you shall move
Haunting a lean half circle
Filled once with love;

Moving expectant always,
Always betrayed,
Led to an ambush, for loss
To impale on his blade;

Stabbed like a waking blind man
Who thought to see,
And knows the locked door of his night
And a lost key.

FRANK ERNEST HILL.

Washington Notes

THERE is left a little more than a week of the sixty-eighth Congress. With night sessions under way, it is possible that between the time this is written and the time it is printed, some miracles in the way of legislation may be accomplished—but it is not likely.

The prediction which I made in this column weeks ago, that in sheer futility, aimlessness and fruitlessness this short session of Congress would go down in history as unsurpassed by any other, still stands. The last vestige of hope that real help would be extended to the farmers vanished a week ago, when it became apparent that Mr. Coolidge had not the least intention of actively backing up his own commission. The postal pay bill and the Muscle Shoals bill have both eventuated in a way thoroughly unsatisfactory to both sides and all factions. The World Court proposal, to which two Republican Presidents and the last Republican convention pledged themselves, lies covered with dust on the top shelf of the Foreign Relations Committee. Not even an attempt at tax reduction has been made. Railroad legislation has not once been mentioned. Literally nothing has been done—almost nothing has been tried. Make no mistake—Senator La Follette had a very accurate idea of this situation before he left for Florida. He knew there wasn't a prospect of action. That's why he went.

The Hon. Clem Shaver, who conducted the last Democratic campaign with such signal success, was in our city last week. I did not see Clem, myself, but I did see a man who had, and who reported that, as usual, Clem was the veritable picture of woe, only more so, and that his shoulders were so deeply bowed in grief that as much of his countenance was visible from the rear as from the front.

It seems that the Hon. John W. Davis has returned from that trip to the Mediterranean, upon which he embarked right after the returns from the last few precincts convinced him that American voters, as a whole, are devoid of discrimination and destitute of judgment. It seems that, upon his return, Clem saw his late champion with the confident expectation that some cheering words would be said by the still titular leader of the Democratic party in reference to the extremely depressing deficit resulting from the effort to elect him President of the United States last fall. This expectation was not realized. Mr. Davis did not repudiate all responsibility for the deficit. On the contrary, he exhibited a willingness to do "his share," but his idea of that would still leave Clem with a considerable load to pull. Two things can, however, be stated on fairly good authority—first, that Clem has made some progress in the reduction of the deficit, and has gone some little distance along the road toward solvency; second, that the published report that the load was being lightened by one Thomas Fortune Ryan is not well founded. It is an interesting story, but not a true one. Had the report mentioned the name of one Clarence Wayland Watson, it would have been more accurate, if less interesting.

It is curious the way in which Pennsylvania politics has affected the Longworth-Madden Speakership fight, practically throwing the prize into "Nick's" lap without the necessity of "straining his credit" with this administration, which has less liking for taking sides in a fight than any that can be remembered. The story, as told me by Pennsylvania politicians, is to this effect. Since the death of Penrose, machine control in the state has been more or less

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uncertain. No single leader and no single group has complete and unquestioned control. They are all forced to play along together, under the pious patronage of good old "Uncle Andy" Mellon, who hates friction and wants everybody to love everybody else, except Gifford Pinchot. Congressman "Billy" Vare is the dominant factor in the Philadelphia machine, and is understood to have pledged himself to Madden early in the fight. Vare's friends argued that, if Madden were made Speaker, there was a very fine chance of Vare's being made Chairman of the powerful Committee on Appropriations, and that this would give him prestige and position for the fight he contemplates making to succeed Senator Pepper in 1926.

Whether the two Pennsylvania senators reasoned that way or not, the fact remains that Reed and Pepper jumped into the fight on the Longworth side and lined up twenty-six of the delegation for him. That practically ended the Madden hopes of a majority of the caucus. It also ends Mr. Vare's prospects of a promotion in the next Congress. Also, it probably means that "Uncle Andy's boys" are going to fight among themselves in the next state primary, which may be more embarrassing to the old gentleman than the unkind way in which the retiring Attorney-General, Mr. Stone, kicked his aluminum trust on his way out the door. From the inconsiderate way in which Mr. Stone spoke of this tariff-favored concern, he might have been a Democrat. He not only hurt good old Mr. Mellon's feelings, but he pained the President. It will be a relief to the administration generally when he takes his seat on the bench.

Almost as amusing as the story of the presidential "hobby horse," itself, was the extreme pain suffered by the little group of Boston politicians, Boston newspaper men, ex-newspaper men, mill owners and department store keepers, who constitute the close Coolidge circle, over the levity with which the news of the bath-robed, bedroom gallops on the mettlesome mechanical steed was received. I never saw a more shell-shocked set of people when the news first "broke." So accustomed have they been, for a year and more past, to the panegyrics of praise from the press, that the roar that went up in Washington seemed like the most terrible sacrilege. For a few days they ran around in circles, almost in a panic over the possibility of the picture of Mr. Coolidge, "the wise, strong, silent man," which they have so painstakingly painted and presented to the public, being all mussed up on their hands. After a while, however, they calmed down and began to convince themselves that, by keeping perfectly still and going ahead as if nothing had happened, the incident would lose effect and eventually be forgotten.

Perhaps they are right. There is an enormous power in unshakable solemnity. Couple complete seriousness with deep silence and an astounding degree of stupidity can be indefinitely concealed. It is an impressive combination.

Still, there is no doubt that the spectacle of a President of the United States taking his exercise by riding a stationary mechanical hobby-horse, that is started jogging up and down by an electric button, is one of the strangest in all political history. Jokes will be made about it all over the world, and in many languages. Wherever the story is told men will laugh. It has greatly added to the gaiety of nations, and it will be remembered long after many other things about Mr. Coolidge have been forgotten. It may be that the combination of seriousness and silence will repair the damage done the presidential dignity by the hobby-horse publicity but, having been once heartily laughed at, it will be rather difficult to get him quite so firmly fixed on his pedestal again. You can't be ridiculous and heroic too.

I certainly thought when, some time ago, I commented on the Warren appointment for Attorney-General, there would be no doubt of his final confirmation by the Senate, in spite of the justified opposition to him because of his beet sugar activities and general reactionary record. For a hundred years—and more—it has been the custom to agree to presidential selections for the Cabinet, regardless of whom they might be. They have been accepted as personal appointments, and it has been recognized as the right of the President to place in his immediate official family the men he wanted, without interference. No one here can recall a rejection by the Senate. While the Warren appointment is an outrageous one, and I said so at the time, I did not think it possible to turn him down. It seems I underestimated the weakness of Mr. Coolidge with his own party leaders, and the lack of confidence they have in him. As this is written, it is generally agreed in the Senate that Mr. Warren cannot be confirmed at this session. Instead of trying to force a vote, administration leaders are now anxious to prevent a vote being taken. The idea is that Mr. Coolidge could give him a recess appointment, and the next Senate, in which the regular Republicans will be about five votes stronger, could confirm. Even about that, there seems to be some doubt. Altogether, Mr. Warren is distinctly "out of luck." I still believe he will pull through but the mere danger is unprecedented. His rejection would be a most marked humiliation for the President, who, however, even in this reactionary tide ought not to expect to get away with appointments like Mr. Warren without some trouble.

In a little while, we shall have with us the much advertised Mr. Dawes. On the fourth of March, he will, relieving Senator Cummins, of Iowa, take up the job of presiding over the Senate. In one way, at least, it will be an improvement. Fine as Senator Cummins is in many ways, and excellent as were his services in the early days of the Progressive movement, there is no denying the fact that in recent years he has grown quite deaf, and it will be a relief to have a man in the chair who hears a little better. Whether there will be an improvement in any other direction remains to be seen. There is no discounting Dawes's ability as a business man. He knows the modern financial game inside and outside and has succeeded as a player. None of the financial magnates in his Chicago home can turn a corner quicker than he. However, business ability does not always imply political ability. A man may have achieved success as a money maker, and may combine with that quality talent as a musician, as General Dawes does, and still miss connection as a statesman. It was a great surprise to Mr. Dawes's admirers to see him "flivver" in the last campaign. Yet flivver he undoubtedly did, to such an extent that for the last three weeks of the campaign, even the New York Herald-Tribune got tired of printing his speeches. It will be interesting to see how he fits in here. He starts out with the declaration that he will not, as Mr. Coolidge did with Mr. Harding, accept the presidential invitation to sit in the President's Cabinet. At once a lot of correspondents jumped to the conclusion he wanted to run for President in 1928, and at once came a denial from the General's friends. Of course he wants to run. He may not even start but he isn't any different from the rest of them.

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All of them, in Congress and in the Cabinet, want to run—and will if they get a chance—General Dawes as well as the others. But naturally they deny it. What else is there to do?

To go back, for a moment, to the Madden-Longworth Speakership fight, is it not significant of the kind of political days in which we are, that the struggle should be not between a progressive Republican on one side and a conservative or standpat Republican on the other, but that both aspirants should be of the latter type, men with years of reactionary record behind them, steeped to the eyebrows in conservatism? There is not a thing in the way of political principles to choose between them. They think alike politically. There is not an ounce of progressivism between them. They are of the same political school, and have both been apt pupils. It is solely a question of personality. One is young, gay; the other old, somewhat crabbed at times, and less of a "mixer." But there is no fundamental political difference to distinguish one from the other.

T. R. B.

Washington.

The Last Laugh

AN old hotel porter loses his job.

A beautiful maiden kisses her mother goodby, and falls among thieves, dope-fiends or Chinamen. She remains innocent, or, still innocently, she is about to have a child, but a hero, handsome, wealthy, or both, strangles the unscrupulous district-attorney, or knocks out the silk-hatted Lothario, or kills the international gambler, or does not kill him, but races madly against time, space or cruel cunning, by automobile, airplane, mule, milkwagon or Alaskan dog team and gets to the railroad-crossing or the death-cell or the cabaret or the altar just in time to save her from worse than movies. Glycerin. Fadeout among Roses. Next week: Passionate Sinners.

An old hotel porter loses his job, and the gold-braided overcoat is taken away from him.

Now guess which of these is the raw material for about the best moving picture ever.

To anyone not a member of the association of wholesale and retail dealers in superlatives, it does not come easily to say so, but The Last Laugh is emphatically the best movie it has ever been my luck to see. A German importation (now at the Cameo) directed by F. W. Murnau, with Emil Jannings, already known to us, as the star, with no love interest, with a story which would strike Hollywood as well below zero, and without a single caption.

The film opens upon the lobby of a huge modern hotel, supposedly in Berlin. Bellboys dash about, travellers come in and out through revolving doors. Outside the doors black glistening sheets of rain pour down on umbrellas, dimmed lights, dripping motorcars and a city gloomily drowned. Through the doors squeezes a huge figure in a shining raincoat. He squeezes back again, beckoning for taxis, holding a vast umbrella, saluting, piloting the hotel guests, saluting, blowing a whistle, saluting, always saluting with cordial, pompous military elegance. Now we see him without his raincoat, revealed in the dazzling glory of braid and buttons from head to ankles, hugely tall and space filling, with something of the obese majesty of Russian generals in fiction. It is an old face that is revealed to us, heavily whiskered after the manner of Emperor Franz Josef, royal, kindly, Falstaffian, stupid. In all his braided glory he beckons, pilots, whistles, salutes, a portly god in uniform over travellers and taxi drivers. Beneath the parade overcoat is a man, but the man is an overcoat.

Now he goes home, a tower of importance and pride, moving through the insignificant hurry of civilians, whom he at times salutes. Now he is skirting magnificently the base of tenement cliffs, and his braid shines in the gloom of those sordid wells. Up many flights of dingy stairs his daughter is getting ready cake for her wedding. . . . Next we see the tenements astir with morning life. His daughter briefly appears on a balcony, brushing the splendid overcoat. He emerges, and greets the hags beating pillows on the landing with no inconsiderable salute. Among children going to school, among working people, grey small restless crowds, he marches to his work, to the Atlantic hotel, to the great wide space before revolving doors where taxis can be imperially whistled for and travellers sped on their way with the generous, wide motion of heavy hand to braided cap. He approaches, he passes through the doors, but as he comes in, another goes out, straight and young, in a cap and glittering overcoat just like his own. He has been replaced. He is in the manager's office, all glass and clean efficiency, bowed a little, cap in hand. A letter, and a light pat on the shoulder from the manager. Through his spectacles the letters dance and spin in a blur. He is too old, and other work has been found for him. He heaves up a trunk to show he is still strong, but it crashes open on the ground. The overcoat is roughly stripped from him. A bright button falls to the floor.

Without that overcoat he is himself no more; he is shrunk, bent, withered, older by twenty years. There hangs the overcoat in a closet, shining, emptily gorgeous, and gazing at it the man whose other half it was, feebly tragic now, bowed under animal despair, a hunted blankness in his face, aged arms curved stiffly at his side. He is taken shufflingly, dumbly away, climbs decrepitly down lonely stairs, with a pile of towels in his hand, to the lavatory. There is his new work.

Late that night he wanders in the hotel's solitary corridors. He must get to his daughter's wedding. Without the overcoat he is not her father, he is not himself, he is nobody. He steals the overcoat from its closet. At the crowded festivities in tiny tenement rooms, in cap and overcoat he is himself once more, the centre of a gay crowd drinking his health, while he bows, salutes. . . . The guests go away, leaving him gloriously tipsy, sitting in a room full of bottles. Though without his overcoat, wonderful daydreams make him himself again, and he leans over the bottles on the table in his shirtsleeves, grinning, muttering, blowing ecstatically, ceaselessly on the whistle. The walls reel, slide, disappear . . . he is asleep . . . he dreams . . . he lifts a trunk that eight men could not move, he carries it sky high into a room full of people eating, celebrating. In braid and overcoat standing before all eyes he tosses the heavy trunk to the ceiling, catches it again as it comes down. Mad applause while he bows, salutes.

Morning. The dream is over. He staggers onto the landing, and fear shrivels his salute to the hags beating their pillows. In the street, his assurance returns, his salute with it, and the passersby stop to smile at this magnificence of uniform that wavers and salutes along—salutes nobody in particular, salutes the dream within himself, salutes his own overcoat and with it all life tipsily reborn. But crash—

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he catches sight of the new porter, standing like a silver sunrise in front of the hotel. Terror, dissolution, a sudden drop into sober reality. He checks the coat and hat at the station, and slinks down to the lavatory, in subterranean solitude, in a dismal marble prison, there to sweep floors, replace soap, arrange hairbrushes with broken, tired, faithful gestures, with the gropingly meticulous butterfingers of old age. . . . His aunt by accident discovers his disgrace, and soon the tenements are buzzing with it. Slab-faced sluts whisper it in hallways, harshly comic gossips yell it from window to window. When the old man comes home, even the stolen overcoat has not power to bear him up under a volley of snickers and furtively opened windows. Back to the hotel he sneaks, finds the nightwatchman, returns the overcoat at dead of night to its closet, where it hangs magnificent and disembodied. While he, pitifully, finally broken, creeps down to the lavatory where the night-watchman leaves him huddled on a chair in the dark.

"At this point," says an intervening note on the screen, "the old man would most certainly slip gradually into decay. But the author has mercifully imagined for him a happy ending, wherein things happen to him which do not ordinarily happen in real life." Suddenly, he has inherited many millions. His hair is neatly barbered, there is a chrysanthemum in the buttonhole of his expensive suit, and he is eating an enormous costly meal in the dining room of the hotel where once he was porter, where once he wiped out the basins in the lavatory. The night watchman, his only friend in trouble, dines with him. He drives off in a coach and four, tipping a hundred servants as he leaves. But before he goes he washes his hands in the lavatory, and fills with gold the pockets of the decrepit old fellow who succeeded him there, and inserts a huge cigar into his childishly wondering mouth, and brings to those feeble eyes a look of doglike, uncomprehending joy. . . .

Though The Last Laugh is partly the result of remarkable directing, the honors go to Emil Jannings, who has created out of the old porter an unforgettable character, unforgettable for restraint, for intelligence, for difficult subtleties, for intense bodily translation of inward tragedy, but above all for that imagination, rarest and highest gift of acting, which forges one piece out of the actor and the elements of his subject. His impersonation of, or rather his mingling with, the character of the old porter, is solid, various, touching to a degree one had not thought possible, and makes even the best moments of Charlie Chaplin seem a little heavy and self-conscious.

With captions, The Last Laugh would surely have been spoiled. To have done without them was probably a tour de force amounting to genius, but the result is so simply and obviously the right one that we forget the difficulties in the realization that all movies would be better for doing without captions. Instead of puerile printed interruptions, in The Last Laugh we have events piling up under the tragic weight of silence. Words have no place in moving pictures: The Last Laugh proves that their true path lies with silence. But this is only one thing out of many that our producers and public can learn from a film so much greater than any they have made or seen.

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

Opium and British Policy

SIR: The Opium Conference at Geneva is over. Representative Stephen G. Porter, Bishop Brent and the White Cross International Anti-Narcotic Society put up a great fight to release humanity from a terrible curse. They fought for the production of opium on a medical and scientific basis, and the only way ever to accomplish this is to *strike at the production of opium,* especially in countries that produce it for the sole purpose of smoking and chewing.

Ellen La Motte, during the second conference, wrote:

> Will the opium bloc give way; that is, will Great Britain give way? For if Great Britain yields, the rest will collapse like a house of cards. . . . One fact emerged clearly. The whole Orient is anxious to put down opium. The Europeans are equally determined to keep it up.

Ellen La Motte's opinion had the powerful backing of M. Wilson Harris, a publicist, who wrote in the London Daily News:

> If the conference fails, it will be because Anglo-American coöperation, which would have carried everything before it at Geneva, is lacking—and it is lacking because *opium is a vested interest in certain regions of the British Empire.*

John Campbell condemned China's opium evil. Let us remind him of how Hongkong was taken and, later, how Great Britain forced China to sign a treaty permitting her to send in an unlimited amount of opium. Has Great Britain ever tried to stop it as China has done so often, burning millions of dollars' worth of opium?

Almost every nation at Geneva, except the United States, derives revenue from opium. Nine-tenths of the world's production is used for revenue.

Great Britain claims the right of furnishing the drug to her subjects in India, and proposes waiting on China's success at suppression—*after* which Britain is willing to begin to prepare to start to get ready to inaugurate her own campaign!

A word about Britain's contrasted attitudes toward opium in India and at home. *There are seven thousand opium shops in India and hundreds of chests of opium are sold every month at public auction.* Yet the Times of July 20, 1923, contained an account of a man, convicted in England of having opium and opium smoking implements in his possession, who was given three months in jail. " . . . Parliament was determined to excise this *moral cancer* from the social system." But men, following Mahatma Gandhi's instructions, trying to stop the opium traffic in India, are put in prison.

Judson Taylor, head of the Island Mission in China, says that "during a period of eighty years, the British government has created 150,000,000 *victims of the opium habit.*" And yet, five thousand medical men in England made a public declaration, a few years ago, that opium smoking and eating is morally and physically a poison!

However, the British Foreign Office naively announces that it is wrong to assume that what is injurious to Western peoples is necessarily bad for Orientals.

At the Geneva Convention the people of India were again really without official representation, John Campbell and Viscount Cecil being the exponents *not* of India but of *British* India. However, there were thousands of protests from the Indian people themselves, showing the real attitude of the natives against opium—these natives for whom, Viscount Cecil is quoted as saying, it is "generally harmless."

Dr. Sze, Chinese representative, predicted that if the Powers refused to act the Orient would be swept by a tidal wave of moral indignation which would have repercussions on the economic and political structure of the entire world. Perhaps the moral warning will not worry Britain, but the economic and political menace may be effective to a degree.

It is amazing that a man of Viscount Cecil's prestige and reputation should be willing to uphold the British government's policy to enforce the gradual suppression of smoking opium within fifteen years *from the date on which China suppresses opium cultivation!* China is in the throes of a revolution, without a stable government or the early likelihood of national unity. Therefore, it sounds suspiciously like indefinite postponement to delay the League's efforts for control of the opium traffic until fifteen years

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after China has suppressed production and smuggling. This is transparent insincerity. Lord Cecil opposed the American compromise suggestion, ostensibly on the ground that Great Britain could not sign a convenant which it could not enforce. Must an example of enforcement be held up to Great Britain by the Philippines, and by Japan who has so effectively done this in Formosa, despite the nearness of producing and smuggling China?

Is it any wonder that Stephen G. Porter and Bishop Brent, representing America and the moral sentiment of the world, have protested in and outside the convention against the hypocritical and mercenary attitude and actions of the British and British Indian representatives?

America and the Far East have been beaten by Great Britain's objections. This will strain Anglo-American relations and do enormous damage to the prestige of the League of Nations. Since we have been so sordidly beaten on this great humanitarian fight, what hope would there be for us in the League of Nations, if we joined, whenever the European nations are unscrupulously against us?

Resolutions in support of the American position on opium have been passed by a large number of political and commercial organizations including the Democratic and Republican parties, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, the American Federation of Labor, the American Legion, etc.

Our Mr. Porter said: "The success of this conference means much more than suppression of a vice. It means a step toward universal peace. If we protect ourselves and permit exploitation of the Orient, we invite racial antagonism."

Says a dispatch from the Universal Press (Paris):

> The key to the failure of the International Opium Conference was held at No. 10 Downing Street, London, the British Foreign Office. This was the nearly unanimous opinion of delegates from forty nations to the International Conference. These delegates all saw British delegates (from "India") block all agreement to limit the illicit trade. All the governments that opposed the American program took their cue from the British. England must, then, accept full responsibility.
>
> JULIA ELLSWORTH FORD,
> Member, White Cross Comm' ee.

New York, N. Y.

"And This Was All the Harvest for Me"

SIR: It was a splendid idea of the New Republic to review the annual meeting of our national learned societies. It is a venture which has possibilities of splendid service to all concerned. All the more, therefore, is the pity that your account of the meeting of the Philosophical Association contains little but petty details, arbitrary opinions, and an astonishing amount of misinformation for such a short space. The meeting which it criticizes certainly had woeful failings. But serious criticism requires reflection on the facts. It is not likely to come from the quick (even if clever) methods of newspaper reporting.

Except for the date of the meeting the first two paragraphs of your report do not contain a single accurate statement. It simply is not true that the professors of the Middle West "found it troublesome to attend the meetings of the national body . . . . and proposed a regional division." The fact is that the Western Philosophical Association had met regularly even before the American Philosophical Association was fairly launched. The change of name by the latter six (not five) years ago was just a gesture to allay the unphilosophic pride of some Westerners. It did not mean any division, change, loss, or transfer of membership. Contrary to your reporter's statement the membership of the Eastern Division still continues to be in fact national, extending from the University of Maine to those of Texas and California. If your reporter were not so hasty—his haste is at times reflected in his loose syntax—he might have noticed that the Middle West and the Pacific Coast were actually represented on the program which he condemns in so high and mighty a manner. Naturally the number of professors who can afford to travel large distances for such meetings is small, but it was not much larger before the change of name, which is all there is to your reporter's "significant fact."

The statement that "discussion was prevented by the necessity . . . . . to catch an early [?] train" is not quite accurate. It ignores an important business meeting, unfortunately scheduled for the same session. The statement that the New Realists "had become more numerous" is not supported by any facts. The assertion that "the most vigorous tradition is of course the one represented by Prof. Dewey" is a personal opinion and the words "of course" do not make it more convincing. The further assertion that pragmatism "could probably capture the programs of the association," but "prefers to express itself before a wider public" has no foundation in fact, nor, I venture to add, would it be a very admirable attitude. Surely communications to one's fellow workers have their place; and I know of no pragmatist who seriously holds that the number in the audience is an adequate test as to the value of what is said. Such a test would too easily dispose of the greatest figures in the history of philosophy.

Your account ends with the statement that no one laughed at President Meiklejohn's call upon philosophers to help dispel the confusion and apathy of the world. This again is not true. I am prepared to give the names of others besides myself who did laugh. Indeed, the proportion of those who laughed may have been as large as the proportion that laugh at every effort to dispel invincible human confusion—including the often admirable efforts of the New Republic.

I suppose that anyone good enough to write for the New Republic may thereby regard himself as an authority. But philosophy is really a very difficult enterprise and a touch of humility in regard to matters connected with it is not out of place. It would therefore not have been improper if your reporter had entitled his article "And this was all the Harvest for me."

MORRIS R. COHEN.

New York, N. Y.

[Although Professor Cohen has made repeated use of the word "fact," the subject of his interest, and mine, is a matter of opinion, of our opinion, that is, of the recent meeting of the Philosophical Association. My opinion was, and is, that this was the worst meeting I have ever attended, and I understood from our conversations that Professor Cohen, who has attended nearly every meeting in the history of the Association, held the same view duly accentuated by his larger experience.

Different members of the association, thinking in different intellectual perspectives, must necessarily dress such an opinion in terms of different specific expressions of interest and judgment. How subjective such views can be is excellently illustrated by the most concrete "fact" of Professor Cohen's array, the date. He seems to think that the date of dissolution should be the meeting, six years ago, when the constitutional amendment was proposed. I hold the opinion that the change dates from its adoption in the meeting of five years ago! I venture to believe that our other differences are of essentially the same character as this one. That my prejudices are parochial, or even individual, seems to me sufficiently attested by my signature!

In one other matter of opinion Professor Cohen and I still stand in essential agreement. I believe that we both feel Dr. Meiklejohn's presidential address to have been a superb avowal not of a pedantic professor of philosophies but of a philosopher who is what alone a philosopher is justified by being, a prophet and a seer. Whether anyone laughed or not, the contrast of the philosopher and the professors of philosophy is no laughing matter! On that, too, we can agree. I waive the rest! C. E. A.]

Tamalpais No Volcano

SIR: It may seem ungracious to find fault with Rebecca West's enthusiastic articles on Travelling in America, in recent issues of the New Republic; but on December 24, 1924, p. 114, is printed a statement by her which should not go unchallenged.

She says: "There is a dead volcano looking over the Bay (San Francisco) at the city, whose musical name is Tamalpais." Some one has been "spoofing" our credulous Rebecca, although I will admit that "dead volcano" does give a picturesque touch. Tamalpais is no more "a dead volcano" than the Woolworth Building. Any elementary treatise on the geologic history of the Coast range will explain to the interested student how it was formed by the folding and tilting of strata.

It is evident that our English friend has not had the pleasure of standing on the summit of Tamalpais, as I have many times. If she had, she would have lost all faith in the volcano hypothesis.

EMMA B. PATTON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

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Gorky's Diary

Fragments from My Diary, by Maxim Gorky. New York: Robert McBride & Company. $3.

GORKY, who once called himself the Bitter and shook Europe's complacency with his cynic indignation, turns back now wistfully to the old Russia and remembers it in a mellow mood. "I first wanted to call this book the Book of Russians as they have been," he says, "and then I thought that this would sound too solemn. And am I quite certain that I want these people to become different?" No, he is not quite certain. Gorky's youth and childhood were spent along the shores of the Volga, in harsh provincial cities and primitive countries, often in crushing intimacy with beggars, perverts, failures, "creatures that once were men." He knew the lowest degradation man can reach, and in his own body and mind suffered the extravagant cruelties of the Russian nature. Yet the two convictions that have always possessed him most strongly, which have made the fuel and flame of his writing, are the essential dignity of man, and the greatness of the Russian people. "However foreign all nationalism, patriotism and other diseases of the spirit may be to me, my vision of the Russian people as exceptionally, fantastically gifted and uncommon, does not fail me. Even the fools in Russia are peculiarly foolish, foolish in a way of their own, just as the sluggards have a genius of their own." These "Russians as they have been"—fools, sluggards, or great geniuses—show no sign that their author wishes them to become different. Enough that they have the rich peculiar quality of their race.

Fragments From My Diary is a book of sketches of remembered characters running over twenty or thirty years.

In this sort of writing Gorky is at his best. His mind has always seized the least excuse to climb into someone else's head after a swift expert survey of its outside. "To speak of oneself is a subtle art—I do not possess it," he said once to Alexander Blok. But it is a subtler art to draw the very core from other selves. Even his autobiography is a series of fascinated studies of other people, and it is not odd that his diary should be the same. He stores away character and incident in his mind exactly as if he were a collector.

> Today while I was watching a fair little lady in cream colored stockings, with the immature features of a child, who stood on the Troitzki Bridge, holding the balustrade with her grey gloved hands as if preparing to jump into the Neva, I saw her stick out a sharp, pink little tongue at the moon . . .
>
> Then I noticed a neighbor, A. Tchehov, sitting in his garden, try unsuccessfully to catch a sunbeam in his hat and to place both on his head . . .I could see that his failure annoyed the sunbeam hunter . . . and he ended by slapping his hat on his knee, putting it on his head with a quick movement and impatiently pushing his dog away . . .

These observations Gorky has collected carefully. He lays them all out for inspection, with others, in a chapter called Man's Behavior When Alone—not scientifically, as if they were data toward some end, but with a collector's pleasure in the little contingent curios of his grand passion. The whole book is just such an exhibit from Gorky's cherished humanitaria. Each sketch has a distinction and color of its own. Without being short stories in any technical sense they have all some innate plot of character or situation; and long or short, anecdotal or purely descriptive, they are set out by the collector with a hearty enthusiasm which infects his audience at once. The reader remembers all over again, with sudden delight, that Gorky is a great, a supreme artist.

> Zolotnitzki, the priest, was sentenced to thirty years' imprisonment for heresy, and spent those thirty years in the prison of a monastery . . . During the languid course of eleven thousand days and nights, the only consolation of this captive of a Christ-loving Church, as well as his sole companion, was fire. The heretic was granted the permission to light the stove of his cell unaided by others . . .
>
> He left prison a fire-worshiper, and grew animated only when he was allowed to light a wood-pile in the stove and sit in front of it, watching it . . .
>
> Zolotnitzki's horror was great when he first saw an electric lamp, when the white, the colorless light, imprisoned in the glass, flared up before him mysteriously. . . . the old man waved his hands in despair and began muttering plaintively: "What! the fire imprisoned too! . . . Oh—oh! What for? The devil's not in it, is he?" . . . He sobbed lightly, touching the shoulders of those who stood close to him with his small, dry, trembling hand: "Oh—let it go—set it free!"

There is no moral, no isolation to this story. It is simply a story—yet without uprooting it, without articulating it as de Maupassant would have done, Gorky makes it a comment on the mystery of things. Most of these sketches have such an unexpressed envoi. Told with a vividness that makes them not things that have happened, but things that are happening now, that will be over at the end of the page, they have the same sort of unedited meaning which life has. The wondering of Gorky's writing is a passive wondering at simple and insoluble dilemmas. Life pressed closely about Gorky from his childhood, so closely that most people would not have been able to shake themselves free, to see themselves and their world with a synthetic eye. But Gorky did not try to shake free or try to order a confused paradoxical world with a system, and so hang himself in contradictions. Instead he took the only abstraction he knew to be true, that all men are human, and applied it defiantly, almost savagely, in his writing. The principle is not only his art, it is his religion. People, even remembered people, are a joy and resource to him. "It does one good to recall the memory of such a man," he says, writing of Tchehov, "it brings renewed energy into one's life, a clear definite meaning." One day a young man burst upon Gorky with astonishing information:

> D'you know, they say that a learned American has invented a machine, a wonderful simple one, just a telescope, a wheel and a handle. You turn the handle and you see everything: analysis, trigonometry, criticism, in fact the whole meaning of the world's history. The machine shows you all this—and whistles as well!

"What I like best about that machine," remarks Gorky, "is the fact that it whistles." What Gorky likes best about this whirling methodical universe, better than any meaning it may hold, is the pert, incalculable, whistling human being in it.

The last chapters of the book reach over cautiously into

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revolutionary times—scenes of war, of argument, of misery and revel, broken bits of the old life thrown up for a moment in the current, the turbid surface of the new. A little man on the Troitzki Bridge is lecturing the bystanders: "I too, have thought and read, have believed . . . I say that to raise unrealizable hopes in people who are here only for a short while, is to confuse them and make things more difficult for them. What can Communism give them?"—and for his trouble in having thought for himself he is dragged suddenly away by a pock-marked sailor. In the Alexander park, where ladies and fashionable gentlemen have ceased to stroll, a middle-aged gardener keeps stubbornly on with his trimming and raking, though the noise of the Revolution is rumbling in the streets. The Red soldiers who trample across the flower beds are followed with an angry shout: "Where are you walking there? . . . Isn't there enough room for you on the path?" And to the answer that there's war on: "Oh, is there? Well, get on with your fighting and I'll get on with my job . . . trampling about where you're not allowed to . . ." In the heat of a revolution he has worked for and believed in his whole insurgent life long, Gorky does not lose sight of the single, little, dramatic man. While society is being pulled down about his ears, and formulas and philosophies hurl themselves at each other, and all men's minds are simple, Gorky is absorbed in the conversation of two miserable women on a park bench, or in the gruesome humor of a young soldier back from the lines. These are Russians and in them he has faith. Despite their brutal stupidities, despite the failure of his own hopes in the new order, despite bitterness and disappointment, his understanding embraces them, and his faith remains.

> I think that when this marvelous people has passed through its share of torments and freed itself of all that tortures and confuses the mind . . . it will begin a fairylike heroic life, and in many a way will enlighten a world exhausted by strife and maddened with crime.

It is a heroic vote of confidence in human nature.

ELIZABETH VINCENT.

Demi-mondaine Science

Telepathy and Clairvoyance, by Rudolph Tischner. International Library of Psychology and Philosophy. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $4.

SCIENTISTS approach the subject of psychical research with extreme reluctance, for which they have good reason. If a scientist presented with a case of supposed "psychics" fails to detect a palpable fraud, that purely negative result is certain to be cited far and wide by all the members of the psychic fraternity as an important authentication of all their doings. If, on the other hand, he does find a non-psychic explanation of the manifestations satisfactory to himself, at least, he is equally certain to be involved in endless controversy, to be subjected to all sorts of preposterous challenges, and, if he refuses to give over the rest of his life to a crusade of exposure of mediumistic fraud, to be abused in all the societies for psychical research as an obscurantist—a member of the universal conspiracy of silence in which scientists unite to preserve their beloved materialism from an attack which they thus hysterically fear.

Naturally this indifference, or diffidence, provides the psychics with a powerful talking point. Just as the politician who is attacked by all the newspapers can assume the pose of civic righteousness in the face of a conspiracy of "interests," the psychics are thus enabled to present themselves to the public as the champions of a truth proscribed by the vested interest of established scientific faith. Indeed, they have acquired great skill in fabricating this defense. Their favorite authorities are kept always furbished, ready to be produced at the first opportunity, principally, of course, William James. It was the peculiar distinction of the father of modern psychology that he was receptive to every sort of suggestion regardless of its source, and his reward is that his name has become the Gibraltar of superstition. Whatever the absurdity, we must give it a hearing: follows a quotation from The Will to Believe.

All science rests on faith. In this respect the psychic is quite right in resisting the possible claim of every individual to see and hear the manifestations with his own eyes. Very few of the scientists who take the whole of modern astronomy for granted have ever, themselves, in person, looked through a telescope. But the scientist credits astronomy and discredits psychical manifestations for these two important reasons. First, though he may never have seen the rings of Saturn, he uses the instruments employed in such observations in his own research and draws upon the materials of astronomical theory in his theoretical construction with uniformly excellent effect. Upon the observations of psychical research there has been built precisely nothing. Second, the confidence which one scientist reposes in the work of another is built upon good faith. No research worker who had once been exposed in a deliberate fraud, as Dr. Cook was exposed in the attempt to palm off faked polar observations, would ever be received by scientists again. Yet the psychics plead with the most ingenious casuistry for serious consideration of the work of mediums who have been caught in the most dastardly trickery again and again. Indeed, the principal weakness of their case, in the eyes of the scientific world, is that they do protest too much.

This does not mean, of course, that the scientist who doubts the claims of the members of the societies for psychical research lumps all those otherwise distinguished men with such demi-mondaine scamps as Eusapia Palladino. On the contrary, the very unreliability of the fine old gentlemen who go in for this sort of thing rests on their utter saintliness, their complete transparency, their pitiable inability, in short, to control the wiles of scoundrels like Eusapia who are exploiting their eager innocence. The whole disreputable business is a mare's nest of reciprocal distorting motives. There is the medium who is just criminally mercenary, a professional prestidigitator, making a good thing of being "investigated." There is the medium (often a person of wealth and position) who is driven to the business by the common lust to be important and perhaps even famous. There is the medium who is psychopathic, served up passively from investigating society to investigating society as the Elephant Man is passed about from show to show. Hovering about these is the busybody psychic, the man who must satisfy his ego in the promotion of some movement and has more or less stumbled into this, and finally the wholly pathetic figure of the religious believer, the sad old man who no longer holds

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with God but cannot let go the spirit of his departed boy. These are strange bed-fellows. But which one among them inspires intellectual confidence? Yet their case rests wholly on the confidence they can inspire. Few look through telescopes, yet any one can who will; whereas the psychical manifestations, as we are so often reminded, occur beyond absolute control and can be observed only by those who happen to be near, that is, by the habitual hangers-on. The case of psychical manifestation rests entirely upon their personal credit, and that is triply dubious.

It is often claimed that the fact of telepathy is now established. E. J. Dingwall says in his introduction to this book, that it was not "a demonstrable fact before 1882"! The author of the book is more cautious. "I am not aware," he says, "that any of the better known modern textbooks on psychology accepts these facts or even considers them at any length." William McDougall's last textbook accepts telepathy; but if any reader supposes that Dr. McDougall speaks for his colleagues let him hunt up Professor Hollingworth's review of that work in the Journal of Philosophy. The actual status of psychical research is quite unambiguous. Suppose that all the phenomena clearly not attributable to the unaided imagination of the medium be lumped together as "occult": all the rappings, liftings, ectoplasmic appearances, all the clairvoyant perceptions of distant events, the reading of messages sealed in envelopes, everything, indeed, which can be counted as a real achievement of some mysterious sort. In this entire field no phenomena have ever been produced beyond the reasonable suspicion of fraud. There remain the weird messages on subjects not susceptible to verification which may be evidence of spirits or only of mental derangement. Such, for example, was the work of the most famous of all mediums, Mrs. Piper. Readers of Amy Tanner's Studies in Spiritism will recall that Stanley Hall was firmly convinced in 1909 that after twenty years of mediumship Mrs. Piper's dissociated personality was still curable. Of the significance of her mature communications with the spirit world only a tentatively negative judgment is possible. That was, indeed, the verdict of Mrs. Henry Sidgwick's infinitely painstaking monograph upon her work. Between these two extremes lies the unconscious fraud of those rare persons who achieve their effects through the abnormal sensitiveness of their sight or hearing, abnormalities of which they may be sincerely unaware.

Telepathy and Clairvoyance does not alter this situation. The burden of the book is the report of the author's work with various mediums. None is satisfactorily scrutinized, despite the fact that the reader sees traces of hypersensitive sight in at least one case, despite the announcement of one as a (probably tricky) professional, despite the admission concerning another that "he has a strong psychopathical tendency and shows clearly symptoms of dissociation of personality." The conditions, likewise, are treated in the usually sketchy fashion, even the names of the various co-operators being withheld. Strong suspicion always attaches to the "interested" assistant. It is to be noted, for instance, that Mr. Harry Houdini has directly charged two members of the committee investigating Margery with assisting in the production of her phenomena.

The indifference of scientists to these occult phenomena will not be lessened by the "experiments" of this German psychic. Indeed, his book would pass unnoticed did it not appear in the International Library, edited by C. K. Ogden, a series of otherwise highly valuable books.

C. E. Ayres.

Exile

Exile, and other Poems, by Richard Aldington. Boston: The Four Seas Company. $2.

To read Mr. Aldington's latest collection of poems is to pass through a very intense experience. It is in a way to pass through fire—the white fire of irony, which cleanses even as it sears. The master imagist has reached a vital point in his development—a point at which his technique is swift and certain, his hold on life hesitant and precarious. For reasons which I can only guess, his emotions have outrun his years, and the result is as poignant as it is unnatural. I do not for an instant imply that Mr. Aldington is indulging himself in adolescent cynicism, for he has left adolescence far behind, and his sadness is too mellow to be cynical. But he is sick of the eternal search for truth that is found in.

> . . . books, books—cursed croaking sirens—
> Written by old men moping at their aches,
> Or young men skilled in acids and despair. . . .

What he now cries out for is "happy Falsehood" that will make him a "merry fool." This is, of course, romanticism, and it leads its devotee back to the pagan glories that have served as sanctuary for many wounded spirits.

The book is well named, for its author is exiled in spirit from the civilization of which he finds himself a part. Oscar Wilde's dramatic cry: "I am a Greek born out of my time!" may be applied even better to Aldington than to Wilde, for the former really craves severity and repose, while the latter was soft with decadence.

The poems in Exile reflect a feverish mind, a mind that struggles constantly to free itself from the nightmare of reality. Moments of happiness drift through the dream like breaths of cool wind upon a burning brow. These moments are always glimpses of classic beauty, of marble temples, of clear, cool sea-stretches, of centaurs that "gallop with whistling manes." And at such times the exultant spirit of the poet sings, "I am free!" It is not a newly discovered freedom, but there are few who can really attain it, and Mr. Aldington convinces us that he is one of the few.

An interesting section of the book is called Words for Music, and it contains a series of delicate, rhymed lyrics in conventional forms, written after the manner of the Cavalier poets. Some are dedicated to Puritans and the others to Sensualists. Those for Puritans are ingratiatingly voluptuous, and those for Sensualists are exquisitely idealistic. Although these songs are not of equal importance with the other poems in the volume, they are harmonious with them, both because of their graceful sophistication and their clear, gem-like hardness.

Mr. Aldington, in spite of his markedly different poetic method, seems to me to share a great deal with A. E. Housman. His typical irregular form is far removed from the simple stanzas of A Shropshire Lad, and Housman's human contacts are in distinct contrast to Aldington's personal aloofness, but the philosophic points of view in the two writers are almost identical. An austere sadness envelops them both. They both see, reflected in the dewy fields and clear brooks of England, the white façade of pagan temples, and the English twilight brings to them visions of triumphant satyrs. To press the comparison further, we may compare Aldington's poem, Bones, with Housman's The Immortal Part. The basic idea of the two poems is the same: that a man's skeleton is his real

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YOUNG MAN, 30, single, Bohemian-American, interested in literature, would like to get a position of some kind that would afford him some leisure to read and write. Large salary no object. Address Box 315, The New Republic.

MOTHER OF YOUNG CHILDREN, former teacher at the Brearley School, Vassar graduate and graduate student in Elementary Education at Teachers' College, will take into her home at Woodstock, Vermont, to form a home and school group with her own children, a few children under seven. Simple, active life. Careful attention to diet and regular habits. Sympathetic observation to learn child's educational needs and provide opportunities for their best development. Orchard, 3-acre meadow, gardening, horseback riding, care of pets, French, music. References. Box 48, Woodstock, Vermont.

THE PEOPLE'S INSTITUTE
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8 o'clock
Friday Eve., Feb. 27—**Everett Dean Martin**: "To What Extent Is the Protest Against the Feeling of Inferiority a Cause of Social Unrest?"
Sunday Eve., March 1—**Horace J. Bridges**: "Some Recent American Criticism of Democracy."
Tuesday Eve., March 3—**Dr. Charles R. Stockard**: "The Basis of Human Likes and Differences."

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Humanizing Industry

Progress toward a condition where the workman feels pride in his work, where the environment is comfortable, where machinery in its relation to the human being is safe and efficient, where the laborer can be more than a cog in the machine, has been tragically slow.

Charles S. Myers, director of the British National Institute of Industrial Psychology, in the March number of Scribner's Magazine, describes a work which is being done in this direction:

* * *

Not airy theorizings, but actual, practical work.

* * *

There is a vast body of fake legend floating about this country. An eloquent example is the "native Americanism" myth.

* * *

Caroline E. MacGill, in the March Scribner's Magazine, discusses "American Mythology" aptly.

* * *

Scribner's Magazine more and more is becoming the magazine for those who want the best that is being thought and said, for the unfrenzied, for the intelligent.

* * *

The March number contains "The Epic Note" by Struthers Burt, a thoughtful essay upon the quality of our modern life.

* * *

Gerald W. Johnson, one of the vigorous minds in the South, contributes "The Battling South."

The Black Army of France is called a dark cloud with a silver lining, by Albert Guérard.

His paper is particularly interesting in view of coming articles by him on our treatment of the negro problem: "Southern Memories" and "The Last Taboo."

* * *

Thomas Boyd contributes his best story—"Responsibility". It plunges beneath the nightmare of war, beneath the armour of unconcern and cynicism in the soldier.

* * *

These are only five of twenty features in the March Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

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DEBATES
JUDGE **JACOB PANKEN** REPRESENTATIVE **ALBERT JOHNSON**
"Shall Immigration Be Rigidly Restricted?"
Wednesday, Feb. 25, 8:30 p. m.

SCOTT **NEARING** ADMIRAL **RODGERS**
"Is Military Preparation Necessary?"
Sunday, March 15, 2:30 p. m.
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The Industrial Pioneer and Industrial Solidarity, official organs of the I. W. W., are offering prizes for the best article dealing with working-class problems and for the best drawing (cartoon or etching) dealing with working-class life.
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survival. A man's soul may or may not survive; his bones certainly do. Housman fancies the bones living on forever, happy to be free from encumbering flesh and driving will. Aldington pushes the idea to a still more gruesome height, and sees the bones passing into dust and thence to other bones, until, in a distant and awful day, the world itself sheds its flesh, and dances like a weary skeleton about a dimming sun. This is a terrifying poetical conception—one that images a spirit sick to the point of ironic ecstacy. Such sickness has in it, fortunately, a vitality which gives promise of convalescence.

I think it will be extremely interesting to see Mr. Aldington's next book. Meanwhile his readers most assuredly will join him in his ardent and beautiful supplication to the gods:

Grant me to live still undisturbed;
Keep this proud spirit yet uncurbed;
Leave me my books and peace and health
And heavier wits may plod for wealth;
Let me ne'er lose an honest friend
And keep me free until the end.

Spirits capable of such high strong utterance have within them their own freedom.

GLENN HUGHES.

America of the Geographers

North America, by J. Russell Smith. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. $6.

North America, by L. Rodwell Jones and P. W. Bryan. New York: The Dial Press, Inc. $5.

SO many books have been published of late on American culture and civilization, American characteristics, American political and social life that the varietarian reader must be developing a hunger for something about geographical America, the environment in which the cultural forces play and by which they are in greater or less degree conditioned. If such hunger is actually developing, provision has been made for satisfying it by the publication in one season of two remarkably able books on American geography, one by a leading American economic geographer, the other by two British scholars.

The American work is primarily economic, with frequent incidental reference to political and social conditions. The English work falls into three parts, historical, economic and regional. The difference in scope is not so great as the difference in employment of materials and methods of exposition.

Professor Smith has at his command an immense stock of first-hand knowledge of America. He has travelled widely and has seen with his own eyes most of the characteristic processes of American economic life. Indeed, his touch is so sure that one would surmise that he had participated actively in all sorts of employments, if that were not impossible. Messrs. Jones and Bryan are bookish in their approach. They have the relevant facts, however, and their sense of values is good. The work seems rather alien to the American reader, perhaps for no better reason than the appearance of such forms as "Newhaven," "Pennsylvanian Railway," "India River." No one will question its authoritativeness.

As was to be expected, the British authors are more interested in the industrial resources of America, especially coal, iron, oil, water power, while the American author is more interested in the agricultural basis of American life. The British authors make more of geology, the American makes more of climate. The British authors strive painfully for exactness and adequacy, with the result that their text is sound but rather dull. Professor Smith sets out deliberately to write an interesting book.

It is in fact a very interesting book. It is thorough enough to serve as an advanced textbook or work of reference, and entertaining enough to force one to read it through, in spite of its eight hundred pages. Every page is interesting, the multitude of maps and illustrations are all interesting. It is safe to predict that the book will be immensely popular, as it deserves to be.

The impression one receives from these two books on North America is in striking contrast with the impressions received from sociological, political, and theoretical economic books. Economic geography, with its long inventories of resources, is inevitably optimistic in tone. It does not fix upon any single conventional resource, like wheat, and derive sombre conclusions on the fate of humanity when population has reached the limit of this particular supply. The economic geographer is aware of the remarkable elasticity of the supply of other foods which will aliment mankind as well as wheat. Other economists and laymen are likely to assume that the opportunities for the individual are becoming narrower. The economic geographer discovers on every hand practically unlimited opportunities for progress.

Yet the moral one finds in these books is by no means "all's well with the world." Professor Smith's book especially makes out an impressive case against the scandalous waste of natural resources that has marked the epoch of exploitation from which we have not yet emerged. Our North American estate is a surpassingly rich one, but not one which can be kept up unless good citizens become far more resolute than they have hitherto shown themselves in checking the ravages of the despoilers of forest, mine and field.

ALVIN JOHNSON.

Edmund Gosse's Life of William Congreve, reviewed in our issue of February 11, is published in America by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Contributors

MARY VAN KLEECK is the director of industrial studies at the Russell Sage Foundation. During the War she directed the woman's branch of the industrial service section of the Ordnance Department. She has written many books dealing with labor problems, the most recent being A Seasonal Industry.

J. B. S. HALDANE has carried out many special inquiries for the British government departments on public health questions. He is a Fellow of New College, Oxford, and the author of a number of books and articles dealing with respiration, air analysis and factory ventilation.

CLIVE BELL is an English critic and writer on art and literature. Among his books are Art (1914), Peace at Once (1915), Poems (1921), Since Cézanne (1922).

FRANK ERNEST HILL won honorable mention in The Nation's late poetry contest.

GLENN HUGHES is instructor in English and in dramatic art at the University of Washington. He has made many translations from the Japanese.

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